# JAMES CALVERT

OF

# FROM DARK TO DAWN

IN

# FIJI.

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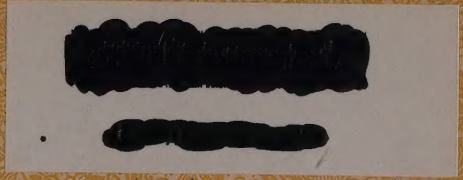

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# JAMES CALVERT;

OR,

## From Dark to Dawn in Fiji

BY

MRS. R. VERNON

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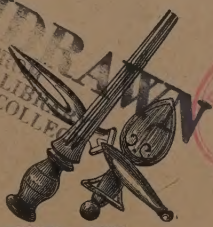

CANNIBAL FORKS AND SPOON.

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# PREFACE.

FIJI, once so far removed from Great Britain, not only by distance, but also by the vicious character of its inhabitants, who thought it policy to kill and eat any foreigner who might land on their shores, has now become a British colony.

The civilisation of the nation without Christianity could never have been attained, but when the heart was changed the life and customs of these benighted people became changed also.

After Christianity had made it possible for white traders to settle upon the Fijian Islands, much trouble and bloodshed were caused by the wars they fostered. As Thakombau expressed it, "The whites who have come to Fiji are a bad lot. They are mere stalkers on the beach. The wars here have been far more the result of interference of intruders than the fault of the inhabitants. Of one thing I am assured, that if we do not cede Fiji, the white stalkers on the beach, the cormorants, will open their maws and swallow us. By annexation the two races,

white and black, will be bouud together, and it will be impossible to sever them. The interlacing has come. Fijians, as a nation, are of an unstable character, and a white man who wishes to get anything out of a Fijian, if he does not succeed in his object to-day, will try again to-morrow, until the Fijian is either wearied out or over-persuaded, and gives in. But law will bind us together, and the stronger nation will lend stability to the weaker."

The old king proved to be right in his estimate of the benefits of annexation to the natives. Greater areas soon became cultivated, and the towns enlarged; good new houses were built, while the cheerful and healthy-looking population told of the prosperous and contented state of the country.

The life and work of the Rev. James Calvert in Fiji, and the spread of Christianity in those islands, should supply a powerful and convincing argument against those who maintain that Christian missions are a failure, and that the heathen are incapable of receiving the Gospel. It should also inspire hope, and afford encouragement to those who are giving, working, and praying for the extension of Christ's kingdom in foreign lands.

What has been accomplished in Fiji may and will be accomplished in the dark places of the vast empires of China and India, and in other heathen lands. May God give us more of such men as James Calvert, men who shall go forth filled with the Holy Spirit, and with power to witness for Christ, until He shall have the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

For many of the facts recorded in these pages

the author is indebted to "Fiji and the Fijians," by the Revs. T. Williams and James Calvert; to "At Home in Fiji," by Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming; to the "Memoir of Mary Calvert," and to "A Flower of Fiji," by the Rev. G. Stringer Rowe. To the authors of these works grateful acknowledgments are tendered.

The author would also like to acknowledge great obligations to the Rev. James Calvert, for the kind courtesy and generous help he has afforded during the preparation of this book. Mr. Calvert is one whom to know is to reverence and to love. His firm, resolute character is beautifully blended with a genial and affectionate disposition, and in his happy and cheerful countenance can be seen the evident satisfaction of one who has the inward consciousness that his days have been well spent.

Dear Mrs. Vernon,

I have read your book carefully; and am much surprised at the number of incidents in my life, and in the Fiji mission, which you have with great diligence sought out and recorded. This remarkable work of God cannot be too widely known.

I thank you and your spirited publishers much for thus adding a Fijian missionary and his work to the series of valuable Biographies issued by them.

I am very truly yours.

James Calvert.

Hastings, June 1, 1890.

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# JAMES CALVERT.

## CHAPTER I.

### FIJI THEN AND NOW.

"His blood can make the foulest clean."

THE history of Christian Missions to Fiji, with which the life of James Calvert is identified, is replete with thrilling stories of the wonderful triumphs of the Gospel. No missionary has been called to labour among a more degraded people, or under more untoward circumstances, and few, if any, have been permitted to see such a glorious reformation, in so short a time, as the result of their labours.

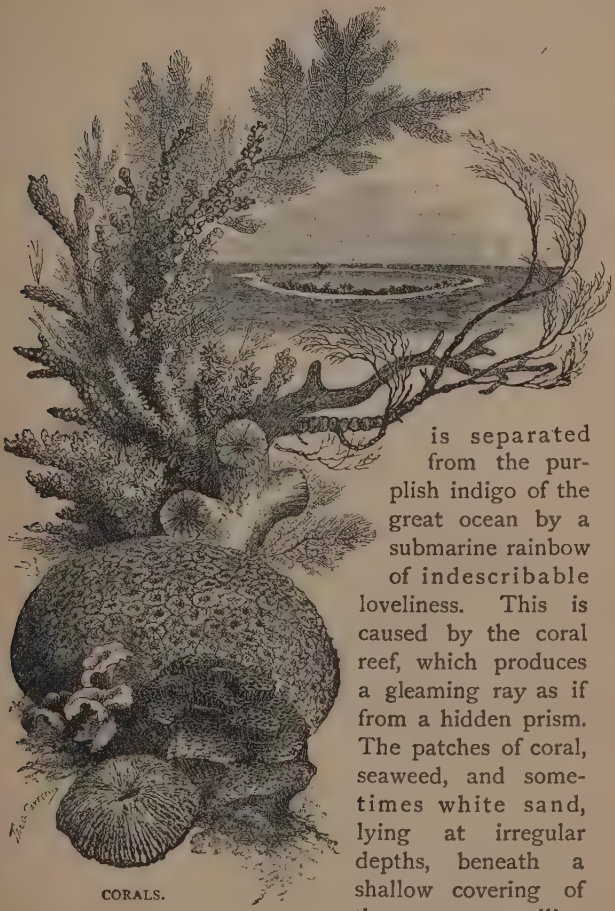
The Fijian group includes some two hundred and twenty islands, situated in the South Pacific Ocean, 1,760 miles north-east of Sydney, and 1,175 miles north of Auckland. Of these islands, eighty are inhabited; the rest are very small, and some of them are visible only at low tide. The coral formation of these regions is a very interesting feature. Most of the islands are surrounded by a coral reef, which

lies some distance from the mainland. This is a great advantage to the inhabitants, as it furnishes a lagoon of calm water, which is as safe for a small craft as an inland lake, shut off as it is by the reef from the tempestuous sea outside.

The coral insect cannot live within the influences of fresh water, hence a break is found in the reef at the mouth of any river, which secures an entrance to the lagoon. Some of these openings are wide enough to admit large vessels, while others are very narrow, and most careful steering is necessary in order to enter safely. These islands exhibit the same wonderful beauty as is possessed by all the coral islands of the South Seas. Being of volcanic origin, the Fijian group shows the usual wild and fantastic irregularities: mountains rising in air, with fretted summits; deep valleys, covered thickly with tropical foliage; and elsewhere a broad expanse of shore, upon which the sea foam runs up to the fringe of cocoa-nut trees. It would seem that many centuries must have passed since the first convulsion of nature formed these islands; for although occasionally shocks of earthquake are felt, and in different parts hot or boiling springs exist, yet there is no evidence that the extinct craters have been active within historic times.

HOT SPRINGS.

The aspects of the loveliness of these islands are so well described by Miss Gordon-Cumming, in her "At Home in Fiji," that we cannot refrain from a quotation here: "The rich blue of the harbour [Levuka]



CORALS.

is separated from the purplish indigo of the great ocean by a submarine rainbow of indescribable loveliness. This is caused by the coral reef, which produces a gleaming ray as if from a hidden prism. The patches of coral, seaweed, and sometimes white sand, lying at irregular depths, beneath a shallow covering of the most crystalline emerald-green water, produce every shade of aquamarine, mauve, sienna, and orange, all marvellously

blended. The shades are continually varying with the ebb and flow of the tide, which at high water covers the reef to the depth of several feet, while at low tide patches here and there stand high and dry, or are covered by a few inches of water; treacherous ground, however, on which to land, as the sharp coral spikes break under the feet, cutting the thickest leather, and perhaps landing you in a hole several feet in depth, with still sharper coral down below. The highest edge of the reef lies towards the ocean, and a line of dazzling white surf marks where the great green breakers wage their ceaseless warfare on the barrier; but the passage through the reef is plainly marked by a break in the white line, and a broad roadway of deep blue connecting the inner waters with the great deep; and this, again, passes in gradual gradations of colour, from the intense blue of the harbour to the glittering green of the shallow water on the inner side of the reef.

"Altogether it is most fascinating. The scene is loveliest at noon, when the sun is right overhead, and lights up the colours beneath the water on the coral caves."

These reefs, which surround many of the islands, make navigation very dangerous and difficult; yet in some parts, as is the case with Ovalau Island, the reef forms a ready-made port, capable of providing shelter for hundreds of ships, the calm of whose waters contrasts strangely with the stormy sea outside this natural breakwater.

The principal islands of the archipelago are Vanua Levu, or *Great Land*—which is one hundred miles long, by twenty-five wide—and Na Viti Levu, *the Great Fiji*, which is ninety miles from east to west,

and fifty from north to south. The population of the latter is over 50,000, and of the former 31,000. Besides these, there are several noteworthy islands to be mentioned in the following narrative, which may now be named Taviuni (otherwise Somosomo), Kandavu, Bau, Lakemba, Vanua Balavu, and Ovalau.

The Fijian, even in his cannibal state, was superior in many respects to most of the inhabitants of Polynesia; his skill in the manufacture of native cloth, pottery, wigs, etc., being quite remarkable, while his method of house-building was second to none of his neighbours.

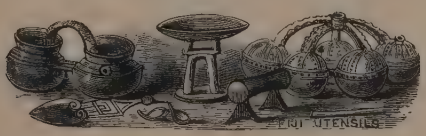
Among these useful industries, the skill shown by the natives in the manufacture of pottery, and their mode of operation, are very interesting, especially as the use of the potter's wheel was entirely unknown. Where they learned the art is a question of doubt, as it is not known in other parts of Polynesia, and only very coarse, rough specimens are made in Melanesia. The Fijians say that their ancestors learned from the mason bee; and this seems very probable, as the common cooking and water vessels in use in every Fijian home greatly resemble the tiny clay nests made by these clever little creatures. These nests are found built in every available corner, and are of a round or oblong shape, having an opening on one side which finishes in a narrow neck or passage, with a turned-back lip. The blue clay used by the mason bee is identical with that employed by the potter, who mixes sand with it in order to add strength to his ware. From this primitive idea the Fijian women have gone on producing other varieties, in form mostly imitating some object in nature with which they are familiar. A very favourite pattern is

one composed of a cluster of three or four globes, about the size of an orange, all joined together, and each having a hollow tube leading from one aperture at the top, by which the vessels are filled. The ordinary cooking and waterpots are much alike in form ; but in decorating these, as well as other more fancy articles, each potter follows her own taste ; and so great is their love of variety, that it is very seldom two pieces are produced exactly alike. Indeed, when an attempt has been made to obtain duplicates, the result has been most unsatisfactory. It is wonderful with what skill and perfect symmetry these women can model large pots, some of them many feet in diameter, the work being performed wholly by hand.

The operation is a very simple yet ingenious one. After the clay has been mixed with fine sand, it is rolled out in long round pieces like sausages ; these are then arranged in circles one above another, so as to form the base of a large round pot. When this is partly moulded into shape, the potter takes a smooth stone, which she holds inside the pot with her left hand, while in the other she takes a flat piece of wood, with which she beats and moistens the clay till the surface is smooth. Other coils are now built up round the top, which get gradually smaller towards the neck of the vessel, when the rim is formed. The clay is again beaten till the surface is perfectly smooth inside and out. After this modelling process is complete, the vessels are allowed to stand in the house for six or eight days, when they are taken to some sheltered nook to be baked. Here a pile of wood is prepared on which the pots are placed, and dry grass and light wood

is piled over them; the pile is next set on fire, and kept burning for half an hour. While still hot, the commoner pots are well rubbed with a dark red dye made from mangrove bark, which gives a slight glaze as well as colour to the pot. Other more ornamental articles of pottery are twice baked and glazed with resin. These are also marked in elaborate patterns with a small sharp-pointed stick; while others have raised patterns something like clusters of grapes worked upon them.

When we take into account the coarseness of the clay, and the rudimentary character of the tools used, as well as the savage, uncivilized nature of the



FIJI UTENSILS.

people, we cannot but be surprised at the artistic skill they exhibit, and the immense variety of forms they are able to produce.

Again, in the manufacture of native cloth (*masi*) the Fijian shows great ingenuity and skill. The material used for this purpose is the bark of the malo tree, which is taken off in long strips, and soaked in water in order to loosen the outer skin. This skin is afterwards scraped off with a large shell, when the *masi* is ready for the beating process. This is done on a flattened log. Two pieces of *masi* are beaten together in order to add strength, the gluten contained in the fibre being sufficient to unite them securely. In this way a strip two inches wide can be beaten out to a foot and a half wide.

The strips thus beaten out are united by neat joints, which are made by means of a starch prepared from taro or arrowroot. In this manner these persevering people produce cloth many yards in length. One piece, intended for a king's dress to be worn on a special occasion, was measured by a missionary, and was found to be one hundred and eighty yards long. The "widths" are also joined to form large pieces fifteen to thirty feet square, used chiefly for mosquito curtains—a luxury enjoyed by the Fijian, but of which most of his neighbours are unpossessed.

Very beautiful, artistic patterns are arranged and set into the cloth by means of red and black dyes, and in this art the Fijian lady takes great pride. Elaborate patterns are designed by the worker, and cut out in a heated banana leaf. The leaf is then placed on the material which is to be dyed. Next, taking a piece of cloth dipped in the dye, the worker rubs it firmly over the stencil, and thus prints the pattern she has cut out in the leaf. The black dye used is made from vegetable charcoal mixed with water, while the red is a mixture of red earth and the sap of the silvery-leaved croton tree.

The women's dress (*liku*) is made from the fibre of a wild root. It consists of a broad band of braid-work, beautifully variegated with a long grass fringe below.

Mat-making is also very successfully carried on in Fiji. The Fijian mats vary in design and construction in different districts, and are used for floors, for sails of canoes, for sleeping upon, and also for nursing purposes. In making sails from these mats a needle was used made from a human shin bone. These bones were much prized, and were generally

claimed by the chief of the tribe who had secured a victim.

The mats are made from the pandanus leaf, plaited with a strong rush which abounds in swampy districts. The borders are very ornamental, being worked in various patterns, into which parrots' feathers of brilliant colours are sometimes introduced.

In basket-making, too, the Fijian is an adept. One of the missionaries speaks of these baskets as being "strong, handsome, and useful, beyond any I have seen at home or abroad." Beautiful carving is also executed by Fijians. Clubs and spears are made out of a very hard wood, and carved and inlaid with ivory or human teeth, as are also yanggona bowls and the cannibal forks. In fact, these savage Fijians showed great tact in adapting themselves to their circumstances, readily finding in nature all they needed for comfort or convenience. Nor did these ingenious people manufacture for themselves alone, for the Tongans were quite dependent on them for canoes, spars, sail-mats, pottery, and mosquito curtains.

The art of hairdressing and wig-making in Fiji excited much amazement, the hairdresser having displayed equal skill with the potter and cloth-worker in the arts they profess. The custom of dressing the hair, however, was so mixed up with war and cannibalism, that the people, as they became Christians, to a very great extent gave it up.

Formerly every chief had his own hairdresser, who spent many hours each day in adorning his master's head. The great aim was to extend the hair to as large a mass as possible. Sometimes these successful workmen have been known to

make the hair stand out till it reached a circumference of five feet, the great mass being composed of twists and curls and tufts, variously coloured,—jet-black, blue-black, ashy-white, and several shades of red being the favourite colours ; and two or more of these shades were often found on the same head. So perfectly are these designs carried out, that the hair will retain its position, even when projecting six or eight inches from the head, the sides and angles being so

TYPES OF HEAD-DRESS.

regular as to give the appearance of being carved out of a solid substance, rather than composed of single hairs. A Fijian pillow is anything but comfortable. It is formed of a bar of wood supported on two claw feet. The neck rests on the bar, and thus the elaborately dressed hair is not disarranged.

The cannibalism of Fiji was not only the outburst of passion or enmity, but was an institution mixed up with every-day life. The practice did not arise from scarcity of food ; for even when every other kind of

diet abounded human bodies (*bokola*) were looked upon as a delicacy, and preferred by some before all other food. The higher the rank the more this revolting custom was indulged in; and many of the chiefs so gloried in the number of human bodies they had eaten as to keep a register by making a line of stones, one stone being placed for each body eaten.

The stones thus placed by two chiefs, Wangka Levu and Ra Undre Undre, were counted by a native teacher, and found to number nearly nine hundred. Another member of the same family registered forty-eight previous to his becoming a Christian. As many as fifty bodies have been cooked for one feast when visitors were to be entertained. Among these would be found those of men and women of all ages, and even of little children. Nor did the cruelty of these people stop here, for the victims of their revenge were sometimes frightfully tortured, and even cut up alive before being placed in the ovens.

These ovens were deep holes or pits dug from four to six feet deep, and when required for a feast-day they sometimes reached fifty feet in circumference. This hole, or oven, was first filled with firewood, on which stones were placed. As soon as this wood was consumed the food to be cooked was laid on the hot stones, some of which were also placed inside the animals if they were to be cooked whole. Over this a thick layer of leaves was spread, on which a coating of earth was laid. When the steam was seen making its way through this covering the food was cooked.

Green baskets were plaited, and large leaves prepared to receive the food when removed from the ovens, during which operation great activity and excitement prevailed.

The appetite for human food possessed by the Fijian of former times is further illustrated by the following fact:—

A man named Loti, well known to Mr. Williams, had previously killed and eaten his own wife. It occurred thus: They were working together planting taro, when the husband seemed suddenly to become possessed of a craving for human food. He made his wife help to dig an oven, collect wood for the fire, and grass and leaves for the covering, also bamboo to cut up what was to be cooked. When all was ready he coolly seized the woman, killed her, dismembered the body, and then cooked it, calling his friends to join him in the feast. She was of equal rank with himself, and they had lived peaceably together, which made the deed appear the more revolting.

A canoe, having on board the bodies of enemies intended for the ovens, would sound the *lali* (death drum) before reaching the shore, to announce the event; whereupon the shore was soon crowded with those who hoped to join in the feast, dancing and shouting lustily. On gaining the shore, the bodies were dragged to the town, the warriors going before, dancing and throwing their clubs in the air and firing muskets, at the same time boasting to the inhabitants of their ability to defend them from their enemies. When they reached the town each body was laid down before the chief, and then presented to the war-god by the priest, and the head was dashed against a stone outside the temple. The body was then taken back to the shore, and after being washed in the sea, the appointed carver commenced to dismember it limb by limb. The limbs were wrapped

in leaves and placed in the oven, which was being prepared while the ceremony was going on.

The reckless disregard for human life which was one of the prevailing characteristics in Fiji was further evidenced by the sight which an Englishman, named Jackson, was compelled to witness while detained on one of the islands more than thirty years ago. It was a sacrifice to earth-spirits. A new house was to be built for one of the chiefs, and a great merry-making and playing of tomtoms was going on. Deep holes were dug in the foundation to receive the main posts of the house, and into these holes wretched men were compelled to stand with their arms clasped round the post. The earth was then filled in, and thus the men were buried alive. It was supposed that if these men sacrificed their lives endeavouring to hold the posts of their superior's house in their right position, the virtue of the sacrifice would instigate the gods to uphold the house after they were dead, and that they were honoured in being considered adequate to such a noble task. A scarcely less horrible cruelty was practised at the launching of a war-canoe, when human beings were made to act as rollers, upon which the canoe made its passage to the sea, crushing the human rollers in its progress. Many were sometimes killed in this cruel manner; while another fearful scene of bloodshed took place before the canoe was ready to spread its sails and start for some distant island, where, if successful, a whole village would be devastated, and the inhabitants taken to supply food for a single festival.

All through Fiji woman was fearfully degraded. In some of the islands she was made the beast of

burden, and every kind of heavy work was expected from her, while her only food was that left by her husband. Girls were betrothed at a very early age, and consequently the most unsuitable matches were made, girls in their teens becoming the wives of old men. Very seldom was there any affection between man and wife, and the women envied their more fortunate sisters who were allowed to marry "the man to whom their spirit flew."

The duties of a wife are very numerous. Besides attending to the children, she is expected to fetch the fresh and salt water, collect fuel, and also attend to the boiled food, the ovens always being in charge of the men. It is mostly the women who do the fishing, a work in which they take great delight. At low tide they swim out to the reef, which abounds in crabs and other fish, some of which are of radiant colours, such as pale blue, dark blue, bright green, and marked with bands of black-and-white. There is also a most exquisite gold-fish with a sky-blue collar. This fishing is attended with great danger, both from the presence of sharks, and also from fish whose bite is poisonous.

Not only did the Fijian women suffer from the cruelty of their husbands, but very often the women treated each other badly. A missionary's wife once asked a native woman how it was that some of the women were without noses. She replied, "It comes out of the plurality of wives; jealousy causes hatred, and then the stronger tries to cut or bite off the nose of the one she hates."

Infanticide was a very common occurrence, especially among feeble children, who were never allowed to live. In other cases, where healthy babies were

A FIJIAN BOY.

put to death, the practice mostly arose from some whim of the mother—expediency, anger, or indolence—and not from fear, superstition, or religious motive, as is the case with the Hindu mother.

The cruelty of the Fijian race was further shown by their treatment of the sick. If the sufferers were of high rank every care was taken of them, and large offerings were made to the priests in order to propitiate the gods, whose anger was supposed to be the cause of the sickness. But in cases of illness among the common people the patience of their friends was soon exhausted, and invalids were left to perish, or were more summarily put out of the way. A poor sick woman, having been neglected by her friends, was taken under the missionary's care, though still remaining in her own hut. One morning his servant was taking her breakfast as usual when he was met by the woman's friends, who were returning from her burial. On reaching home, he told his master how, on the previous day, he had found an old woman in the house, who said, "I have come to see my friend, and to inquire whether she is ready to be strangled, but as she is still strong we shall not strangle her yet." However, they altered their minds after the servant left, and took the woman's life without further ado.

Another instance, still more dreadful, is that of a young girl who was buried alive at the command of a chief's son. She had been in delicate health for some time, and the young man had made up his mind that she could not or should not recover. Accordingly a grave was dug for her just outside the house, and being decoyed to the spot, she was seized and thrown in. In horror she vainly called out, "Do

not bury me ; I am quite well now." No heed was taken, and she was held down while the soil was thrown in upon her till her cries were heard no more.

The death of any great person was always followed by the strangling of his wives, chief servant, and in some cases of his mother. These were spoken of as "grass" for lining the chief's grave. They were laid on a layer of mats in the bottom of the grave, and the chief was then laid on them. The laying out of a body was generally begun before the person was actually dead, and consisted of removing all the old clothes which had been used by the sick man. He was then washed and oiled, the upper part of his body being painted black, to denote that he was a warrior. When death really took place he was armed with a newly oiled club to protect himself on his way to the spirit world, while in his hand whales' teeth were placed as an offering to the gods. A clean head-dress was put on, a new *masi* and sheet were thrown over him, and in many cases head ornaments used to adorn the arms and forehead. Then followed the *loloku*, or strangling of friends, the usual number being two women, or a woman and a man ; but this number was often exceeded, in order to show greater respect and honour to the deceased.

The women thus strangled were oiled, dressed in a new *liku*, and after their hair had been adorned, vermilion or turmeric powder was spread over their faces and breasts. They were then placed beside the dead chief, who was now considered ready to be viewed and wailed over by his friends. It is strange to find that the women thus appointed to be strangled manifested no desire to escape from their fate ; indeed, cases have come under the missionaries' notice

where the women would not accept deliverance. This is accounted for partly by the fact that life was utterly disregarded all through Fiji, and also that their lives would have been made unbearable by the subsequent treatment of their friends. A native teacher once begged the life of a woman. She wished to live, but said, "Our case is one to cause pity; but we dare not live; our friends dare not save us."

The day after the funeral feasting took place, and continued for ten or twenty days. The men showed their mourning by making themselves "bald for the dead," when the hair, in which they take such pride, was cut off, and in some cases the whiskers and beard as well. The women burned their bodies, and were ordered to have a joint cut off from the little finger. This was done with a sharp shell, and the severed joint was inserted in a slit reed, and placed on the eaves of the chief's house. On the next occasion of mourning the second joint was sacrificed. The little finger on the other hand supplied a third and fourth proof of sorrow, and after that the mutilated stump was rubbed on rough stones till it bled. About the tenth day after the funeral the women took cords, switches, and whips, and laid them about any men who came in their way, the highest chiefs alone being exempt. No violence was used towards the women in retaliation, it being the custom for all to submit to these strange tokens of grief on this day.

The religion of Fiji consisted of a belief in an invisible superhuman Power, which ruled and controlled all earthly affairs. The gods representing this Power were supposed to communicate their will to the priests, who were consulted on all important occasions—as, for instance, before going to war, or in

cases of sickness in high families. The god most generally known was Ndengei. Most chiefs had a god of their own, in whom they placed special trust, and who was supposed to follow them wherever they went. In every village of any size a *bure*, or temple, was found. These were quite important buildings, erected on a raised foundation, and profusely decorated with sinnet-work and shells. The temple, however, served other than religious purposes, forming, as it did, a sort of village council-chamber. It was also used as a place in which to entertain strangers, as well as for a sleeping-place for the head men of the village. No regular worship was observed, and very often the temple was allowed to decay until the chief wanted to make some request to the gods, when he would restore the temple, and present large quantities of food and whales' teeth. Fear seemed to be the only motive for any religious observance, and this the priests made the most of. The only sacred spot in the temple was a small space marked off by a long piece of native cloth let down from the top of the *bure* to the floor, down which the god was supposed to pass when entering the priest.

On one occasion Mr. Calvert was invited by Thakombau, King of Bau, to accompany him to the temple, where he was about to make request for success in war. The priests had been informed of the king's coming, and were waiting ready to receive him. At this time the king's faith had been somewhat shaken in his heathen gods; though he had not given them up, yet he would not consent to large offerings of food being made as on previous occasions. The king and Mr. Calvert first visited a small temple, where the priest, who was awaiting the

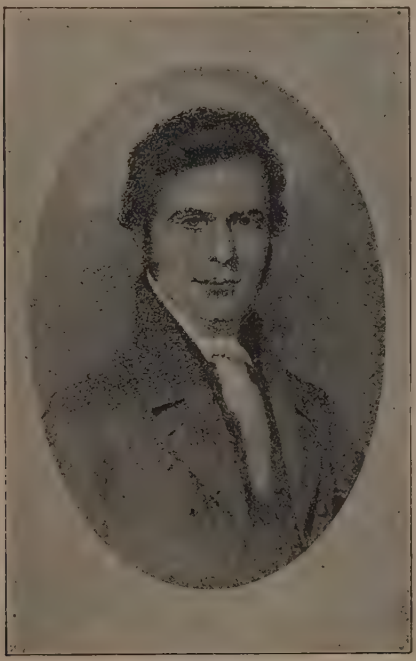
king, looked much surprised to see the missionary also. The king's messenger, who was seated before the priest, offered a root of yanggona, and called upon the gods for protection and success. The priest then promised protection to the king and his people, but would not vouch for the destruction of his enemies. This, however, did not satisfy the king, who said, "Yes, you have always protected us; that we expect. But now we require the destruction of our enemies. We have renewed your fences, and made special offerings to you, and we now look to you for extra proof of your concern for us by revenging our insults." Still the old man could not be persuaded to promise anything more than protection, so they made their way to the chief temple. When Mr. Calvert reached the foot of the stairs the high-priest arose and came towards him, having a great length of *masi* wrapped round him. Looking very dignified, he inquired, "Why have *you* come? Do you think I shall refrain from making promises because you are here?" The missionary spoke in a friendly tone to him, which somewhat soothed him. When the company were seated,—Mr. Calvert having an elevated position where all could see him,—an old cannibal chief came forward carrying a yanggona root on his shoulder. He asked the gods to destroy their enemies, describing the injuries and insults to which the king had been subjected. It was not long before the high-priest intimated that the god had descended. The priest was seized with the usual demonstration of trembling, which increased till his whole body was convulsed, and the man shivered as if suddenly attacked with a violent fit of ague. The arrival of the god was then announced, and all head-

dresses and ornaments worn by the company were at once thrown off. The priest now discovered the absence of Thakombau, who had slipped out into a smaller temple. This made him very angry, and the god cried out, "Where is Thakombau? I do not see him! Why does he not make his appearance? And why has he brought this foreigner? His unbelief leads him to act in this way. But I have conquered many places, and I shall still be victorious, being the god of war." The prediction, however, proved utterly false, and the missionary was able to show the king and people how useless their gods were.

Cannibalism formed a part of Fijian religion, though not a very important one. The priests represented the gods as delighting in human flesh, which was accordingly exacted from the people, and used for their own consumption.

From the short account we have given of the industries, manners, and customs of the Fijians, our readers will see that these people were clever, ingenious, and industrious, while at the same time they stood unrivalled for acts of savage cruelty, and were sunk in crimes of the deepest dye by the customs and practices of their every-day life, as well as by the brutal character of many of their religious festivals. Scarcely more than half a century ago such horrors and atrocities as we have described were being perpetrated daily, when the people were literally led captive by the devil at his will. Surely the picture of these savage acts of cruelty would be too fearful to look upon, were it not that the dreadful gloom of sin which then enshrouded these lovely islands has been dispersed by the light of the Gospel, and to-day we find the Fijian clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Miss Gordon-Cumming, already quoted, and to whom some of the awful scenes of cruelty and bloodshed to which we have referred were described



JOHN HUNT.

by eye-witnesses, thus speaks of the change that has taken place :—

"Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the

eighty inhabited islands has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing and the most fervent worship, rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

This mighty change was not accomplished without much self-denying toil, hardship, and danger on the part of the missionaries and their wives who were engaged in the work. William Cross, who, with David Cargill, was the first herald of the Gospel in Fiji, died in the midst of the work, and was buried in the land of strangers. A few years later the saintly John Hunt, after ten years of devoted service, died praying, "Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Save Thy servants; save Thy people; save the heathen in Fiji." James Calvert, a sketch of whose life we propose to present to our readers, is still spared to enjoy the rich reward of seeing the fruit of their labours in the service the Fijians are rendering as native teachers and missionaries, not only in their own, but also in other lands, labouring to bring the heathen to a knowledge of that truth which has made them free.

Before proceeding to narrate the circumstances which led James Calvert to Fiji, we may very briefly summarize in the following chapter the pioneering work which had been undertaken before he reached these islands.

## CHAPTER II.

### PIONEERS IN FIJI.

"The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there.
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere."

THE earliest intercourse with Fiji seems to have been carried on by the Tongans, who, coming from the Friendly Isles, about two hundred and fifty miles to the east of Fiji, for purposes of trade, landed at Lakemba, the chief island in the Windward Group. Here some of them settled, and soon gained property and influence by taking part in the frequent inter-tribal wars, and by sailing about to dependent islands to demand tribute for the chief whose favour they had gained. Thus, in course of time, several distinct colonies of Tongans were formed on Lakemba and the adjoining islands of that group.

In 1834 the Tongan Church was blessed with a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. For many years previously devoted men had been sowing the

seed in tears, amid great hardship and discouragement. At length the reaping time came, when thousands not only gave up their heathen practices, but showed afterwards, by their consistent lives, that they were truly converted. Among these was King George Tubou, who, with his wife, sought and found Jesus as his Saviour, and thenceforward he became as zealous in the spread of the Gospel as he had previously been in the exertion of his power as a heathen warrior.

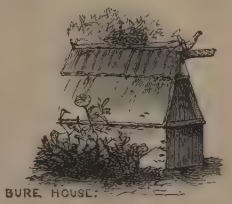
As the result of this revival, the missionaries and converts began to think and mourn over the Fijians, news of whose horrible deeds of bloodshed and cruelty were constantly reaching them, and very earnestly did the Tongan Church pray that God would open up a way for the preaching of the Gospel in Fiji. The prayer was answered, and towards the close of the year it was decided that the Revs. W. Cross and David Cargill, M.A., who had left England under the auspices of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and who had laboured in Tonga for some time, should go forth and start a new mission at Lakemba. Accordingly, in the following October, these brave men embarked, with their families, for that scene of labour.

King George was very much interested in the expedition, and to further its object he sent a sort of ambassador with the missionaries, who took a present to Tui Nayau, King of Lakemba. He was also to explain to this king how greatly the Tongans had been benefited by the introduction of Christianity, and to urge him to receive the missionaries well and obey their teaching.

Let us pause here in our narrative, and admire the

holy love and faith which inspired these courageous men, as we remember what fearful hazards they ran in thus attempting to land among such a people as the Fijians ; risking, it would seem, not only their own lives, but also those of their wives and children. All honour to the men and women who dare to face such fearful odds !

After four days' uncomfortable sailing in a small schooner, Lakemba was sighted, and shortly afterwards the missionaries made for the shore in a small boat, where they found a large company of Tongans and Fijians assembled. These were armed with clubs, and had their bodies blackened, altogether presenting a most formidable appearance. Passing through this crowd, the missionaries gained the king's town, situated some little distance from the shore, and soon obtained an audience with him. The interview was a favourable one. Tui Nayau gave the mission families permission to land, and promised to erect houses for them forthwith.



BURE, HOUSE.

In Fiji the building of houses is much more expeditious than with us, some taking only a few hours to erect, while the more substantial ones occupy from a fortnight to three months in their construction. They are made, for the most part, with posts, spars, and reeds, the long sloping roof and low walls being thickly thatched. In some cases the walls are made by interlacing the reeds between the posts, perpendicularly and horizontally, the fastenings being of vines cut from the woods, or of sinnet, which is also used for ornament, patterns being worked in

different colours, which are at times both beautiful and artistic.

Sinnet is a kind of native string or rope, and forms quite an important article of manufacture in these parts. It is made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk, which is dried by baking, then combed out and plaited or braided, the thickness of the plait being regulated to suit the purpose for which it is intended to be used. It is afterwards dyed a variety of colours, and made into balls or hanks. The Fijians use it to make fishing-nets, and for all kinds of lashing and wrapping purposes, as well as to ornament their canoes, houses, and temples. In fact, sinnet is as important to the Fijian as bamboo is to the Chinaman, and quite as useful.

The thatching of the houses is composed of long grass, or leaves of the sugar-cane or stone-palm. These leaves are sewn together before being used, and bound round reeds some five or six feet in length; and in this way they form a very durable covering. When sufficient material for the thatch has been collected, and the roof prepared with a network of reeds, men and boys, numbering at times as many as four hundred, appear on the scene, and great excitement prevails, all being expected to help with the work, some in arranging and lashing the thatch, while others hand up the necessary grass and reeds. While the thatching is being done a great deal of shouting and yelling goes on, which, with the stamping down of the thatch, makes noise enough to be heard a great distance around.

The interior of the house usually consists of one large room, at one end of which is a sort of

daïs raised about a foot from the rest of the floor, and upon this the principal members of the establishment sleep. There are two small holes or windows at this end of the room, and these, as well as the door, have sliding palm-leaf shutters, which can be opened or closed at will. The floors are soft and springy, being made of layer upon layer of mats, commencing with those made of coarse palm leaves at the bottom, and having for final covering the beautifully made white mats for which the South Sea Islanders are celebrated.

We left the mission families still on board the schooner, waiting until their houses were ready. This work was accomplished by the natives in about three days, in some such way as we have described. Of course the houses were but slight ones, the king having promised to have more substantial dwellings erected at some future time. However, he did not see fit to fulfil his promise until the temporary houses had been destroyed by a hurricane. The two families took possession of their respective dwellings, providing them with doors, windows, and such other comforts as the time and skill of the missionaries could produce.

On the following Sabbath, the first Christian service in Fiji was conducted in the Tongan language, which was understood by the king and many of the people, through their long association with Tongan immigrants. A new era had now dawned upon Fiji, and its civilization may be said to have begun. The mission houses and families became objects of great interest and curiosity to the natives. Many were the visits paid by them, not so much for the purpose of inquiring into the truths taught, as to

barter their services, or supplies of food, for tools, calico, or such other articles as had been brought for this purpose, and which they had never been fortunate enough to possess before.

These frequent visits caused some inconvenience to the occupants of the mission-houses, but were not without good results, as they provided opportunities of teaching those who lived too far off to be visited in their own homes. Besides, the intercourse with a civilized home could not have other than an elevating influence on these heathen savages. God's blessing was upon the work, and after a time a chapel was built by the native Christians, in which a congregation, numbering about two hundred, assembled regularly for worship; classes were formed for church members, and schools for pupils of all ages; while a few months later the missionaries had the joy of baptizing thirty-one adults who, after careful instruction and examination, were found possessed of sufficient knowledge to enable them to realize the obligations such a profession would entail.

Persecution now arose, in which the king was the chief mover. He became jealous, and was annoyed at the growing power of Christianity, and thought to put an end to it by threatening a severe visitation of punishment from the gods. Finding this did not have the desired effect, his anger became greater, although somewhat checked by fear of a powerful Tongan chief, who was "Lotu," as they call the profession of the Christian religion. However, this fear did not restrain him long, for some time after a party of young men attacked the two small towns of Wathiwathi and Waitambu, pillaged the houses of the Christians, destroyed their crops, and led off

A SCHOOL EXAMINATION, FIJI.

their wives to the king's house. Still, no lives were sacrificed, and the interference of the Tongan chief, mentioned before, led to the wives being restored.

This persecution, however, was not enough to stay the progress of the Gospel. On the contrary, in the long run, it helped rather than hindered the work. True, at first, some half-hearted ones fell back, and others were afraid to yield to their convictions ; yet the calm boldness of those who endured persecution without repining, much less retaliating or seeking revenge, which meekness was utterly opposed to all their previous teaching and practices, argued strongly for the reality and power of the Gospel they had embraced, and led others to admire it, and ultimately to accept its claims.

Another source of trouble and suffering to the missionaries was the great difficulty they had in communicating with other places. These reef-bound islands made navigation very dangerous ; wrecks were so frequent from the, then, imperfect knowledge of the reefs, that captains and owners were afraid to charter vessels for Fiji. Consequently, at times, the mission families were without flour and other necessaries, having to subsist on such food as they could obtain from the natives, for which they were obliged to barter goods they needed for their own comfort. On one occasion three years elapsed before some clothing for which Mr. Cross had written arrived. This evil was removed in later years when the Wesleyan Missionary Society built and chartered a vessel to carry out supplies, and also to convey the missionaries from one island to another.

Having succeeded, to some extent, in Lakemba and some of its dependencies, the two missionaries became

anxious to extend their efforts to the opposite group of islands, of which Bau, an island off the coast of Viti Levu, *Great Fiji*, was the most important. Its chief took precedence of all other chiefs in Fiji. Of him we shall have more to say in a subsequent chapter.

In 1837 Mr. Cross left Lakemba, hoping to establish a mission in Bau ; but on arriving he found the town in such a state of excitement, at the close of a seven years' war, that he deemed it expedient to settle at Rewa, an island accessible to Bau by a river twelve miles long. Here the king seemed favourably inclined towards the "Lotu," and a cause was established which gave promise of great success. The temporary dwelling-place provided for the missionary, however, was damp and unhealthy, and through residing there Mr. Cross was brought very low by intermittent fever, cholera, and typhus fever, which followed in quick succession, and left very little hope of his recovery. But when the darkness seemed thickest a kind Providence interposed, and help arrived in the person of an American settler from Ovalau, a large island at no great distance from Rewa, who showed great kindness to the sufferer. The king, too, started the building of a better house on a raised foundation, the occupation of which greatly facilitated Mr. Cross's recovery.

In 1838 a third mission-station was commenced, at Viwa, a small island which rises out of the coral reef on the eastern side of Great Fiji, and a dependency of Bau. Here Namosi Malua, the chief, built a chapel, and a teacher was sent to instruct the people.

We shall now leave the two brave pioneers struggling on amidst great difficulties, cheered by

ON THE BANKS OF THE REWA.

some success, which, however, only served to reveal to them the great need of further help. Aching hearts sent up earnest prayer to the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers, and it was not long before the answer came, when the lonely toilers were cheered by the arrival of John Hunt and James Calvert.

## CHAPTER III.

### EARLY DAYS AND MARRIAGE.

"For they who are one in faith fight double-handed against evil."—TUPPER.

THE now memorable witness for Christ, James Calvert, was born at Pickering, in the county of Yorkshire, on the 3rd of January, in the year 1813. His name is another added to the roll of noble Yorkshiremen who have been illustrious in the annals of Methodism. He received a sound education in Malton, and subsequently was apprenticed for seven years to Mr. George Barnby, of that place, who was postmaster, and carried on the businessof printer, book-binder, and stationer.

At the age of eighteen a severe affliction was made the means of bringing him to reflect upon his past life, and to dread the torments of the unsaved. Truly and heartily he mourned for his sins, and abandoning every evil way, he earnestly sought God's pardoning mercy and renewing grace. When restored to health he took a firm Christian stand, came out from among the ungodly, and became a very diligent attendant at all religious services,

regularly attending the class-meeting, which he found most helpful. In the hour of his deepest distress he beheld Christ as his Saviour and Lord, and trusted in Him alone and fully. He, then and there, on the 8th April, 1831, was gladdened by the immediate and direct expression of God's favour, and was renewed by the Divine Spirit. This event is still remembered as a memorable one in his experience.

Soon afterwards James Calvert again became deeply troubled because of the remains of the carnal mind within him, and his many imperfections. With all his heart he sought and received a yet fuller baptism of saving grace, strengthening all his motives for Christian service. This thorough change in the entire man, so clear and satisfactory to himself and to all who knew him, stamped the character of all his future life and work, and he delights to testify everywhere his gratitude to God for the glorious events of these ever-to-be-remembered days.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, in May, 1833, he removed to Beverley. Another severe affliction laid him aside for some months. When restored he pursued his calling for some years at Colchester and Chelmsford, and gained proficiency in his trade, qualifying himself, as he thought, for efficient business life. He also gained knowledge and experience in many matters, which in after years became of the utmost value to him in his mission work.

At Colchester the superintendent minister, the Rev. Henry Powis, discovering in the young man gifts and talents for future usefulness, recommended him as a candidate for the Christian ministry, sending his name to the London District Meeting in the May

of 1837. He was accepted specially for the foreign work, and went for preparation to the Theological Institution at the old Hoxton Academy. Here he was under the care of the Rev. Joseph Entwisle, the Governor. The Rev. John Hannah was the theological tutor, and the Rev. Samuel Jones had charge of the classical side.

An important point in young Calvert's life while here was the friendship which sprang up between him and John Hunt, a fellow-student; an attachment which was not broken even by death, which removed the latter from his post of usefulness.

While these two were preparing for foreign mission service, the hearts of Methodists were thrilled by a powerful appeal on behalf of cannibal Fiji, early in 1838, and James Calvert was appointed to accompany his beloved friend to that new mission. It was a prospect of danger and suffering enough to affright minds of weaker mould; but these two young men, being imbued with a yearning for souls and full of zeal for God, determined to sacrifice their lives, if need be, to the demands of these dark and distant islands.

After James Calvert had been appointed by the Wesleyan Missionary Society to the work in Fiji, he went down to Buckinghamshire to ask Mary Fowler to become his wife, and to share with him the trials and privations incident to a residence among cannibals. Previous to this, he had made the acquaintance of Philip Fowler, and it was while visiting at his home that he first met Mary, who was the sister of his friend. The choice was a very happy one; for although the acquaintance had been of short duration, and consequently their knowledge of each

other was limited, yet the good hand of God was over His servant in this, as we shall see it was again and again in other matters, and the "good wife"—which Solomon tells us is "from the Lord" —became his possession. She was a wife in every way adapted to the trying work to which her life was given, and much of the success of that work was due to her patient, devoted labours.

Mary Fowler was born at Aston Clinton, in Buckinghamshire, in 1814. During the early years of her life she had a painful illness, which caused her much suffering. In bearing this affliction, however, she began to develop that patient and heroic endurance which characterized the toils and pains of her after life.

It was Mary's privilege to have a godly mother, one who dared to be true to her convictions, even when they incurred the displeasure of others, as was the case when she joined the Methodist Society. Very deeply did this loving mother feel her responsibility in the training of her children, and many were the hours she spent in prayer to God on their behalf. One petition was remarkable; she prayed that God would spare her life to see all her children converted and settled in life, and it is worthy of notice that she passed away only a few months after her prayer had received complete fulfilment.

The year 1834 will long be remembered as one of those in which this country has been visited with the scourge of cholera. Many of the towns and villages of Buckinghamshire were smitten. Special services were held, calling the people to repentance and faith in God, before whom many of their neighbours had been summoned to appear. Buckland, a village near

Aston, was visited by the Rev. J. Killick, who gives the following account of one of these services :—

"On the 8th of October, 1834, I went to tea with the kind and hospitable family at Aston—Mrs. Fowler's—as was my usual practice before preaching at Buckland. I found that the cholera had removed several in the neighbourhood, after a few hours' suffering. In consequence of this, when we reached the chapel we found it filled with people in a very excited state. I preached that night from Isaiah lv. 7, 8, thinking it was suitable to the circumstances in which we were assembled. I went again the next night, and preached from Amos iv. 12, "Prepare to meet thy God." A prayer-meeting was held after each service, when in every part of the chapel there were strong cryings, tears, and prayers, to Him who was able to save. I distinctly remember the then Mary Fowler as one of the earnest suppliants for mercy. She particularly requested her brother to come and pray with her. I believe she found peace with God, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, on that second night."

After joining the Church, Mary Fowler at once set to work for her new Master ; she was no idler in the vineyard. Sunday morning found her traversing roads which were sometimes almost impassable, to attend the early prayer-meeting, which she often conducted. This was followed by morning school, in which she took part. Then came the walk home, and back again to the afternoon and evening services, at which her place was seldom unoccupied. On other days Mary was busy among the sick and poor, for whom she would obtain relief from friends when her own means failed. Thus, in taking up the work

which came most readily to hand, and fulfilling each task with Christian fidelity, she was, unconsciously, being prepared for greater deeds of doing and daring for her Master in the far-off Isles of Fiji.

James Calvert and Mary Fowler were married in March, 1838; and about a month later they started on their long voyage to New South Wales, from which place they were to go to Fiji, in company with the Rev. John Hunt and the Rev. T. J. Jagger; it being designed that all the party should assist in the work in Fiji.

Sydney was reached in the following August, and here the mission party were detained for some time before completing their journey. During this short stay the services of the missionaries were much in demand, for preaching and attending meetings. Thus it happened that Mr. Calvert was appointed to preach on Sunday in the open air near the Hay Market, when an incident occurred that seemed to set God's seal of approval on the work of His devoted servant. It was to both Mr. and Mrs. Calvert an earnest of what was to be accomplished by them in the future. By some mistake the preacher began the service before the appointed time, and ere the congregation had assembled. Mrs. Calvert started the tune for the hymn Mr. Calvert had announced. At length the people gathered round, and the service was gone through with much earnestness. The next day a letter arrived telling the following story; it was from a young man who had, on the previous day, landed at Sydney from Tasmania, where he had been living a godless life. Finding, on going to his lodgings, that his pockets had been picked, leaving him penniless—added to the remorse of

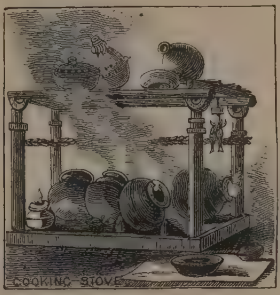
a guilty conscience—he made up his mind to end his days by suicide. While on his way to carry out this dreadful intention, he was attracted by the hymn Mrs. Calvert had commenced, and thought it would be well to take part in a religious service before he died. He joined himself to the listeners, and soon the preacher's words took him back in thought to the home of his childhood. Long-buried memories of godly parents, away in London, who had tried to teach him the fear of the Lord, were revived; and after reading the tract given him by Mrs. Calvert, he was completely turned from his evil purpose, and decided to seek the "God of his fathers." When told afterwards that the preacher had begun the service earlier than was intended, he wept and said, "If you had not, I should have been a dead man." This circumstance served to strengthen the faith of the missionary and his wife, showing them, as it did, how God was overruling all the little events of their lives, even when they were all unconscious of the end He had in view.

The stay in Sydney was made specially pleasant by the presence there of the Rev. John Williams and a large band of the London Society's missionaries. On the night before their departure all joined together at a farewell meeting in the Baptist Chapel, and on the following morning were taken on board their respective vessels, anchored in the splendid Sydney waters, by the same steamer, and passed out of the Sydney Heads together, the *Camden* bearing off to the Navigators' Islands, where the goods and missionaries were landed, and thence she sailed to Erromanga, where the devoted Williams was murdered and eaten.

The missionaries for Fiji left Sydney on the 25th of October, 1838, for Lakemba and Rewa. This passage, a very uncomfortable one, was made in a small schooner, the *Letitia*. They reached Lakemba in December, after spending some little time in the Friendly Islands, where they made the acquaintance of King George of Tonga. The friendship of this good and powerful man afterwards proved very valuable to the interests of the mission. In Fiji, King George was known and feared, and on several occasions his interference on behalf of persecuted Christians brought them relief.

It was not long before Mr. and Mrs. Calvert became settled in their new sphere of Christian work—in which they continued for nearly ten years. The Rev. J. Hunt was appointed to labour at Rewa.

Some of the joys and sorrows, the triumphs and disappointments, of the work in Lakemba we shall recount in our next chapter.



## CHAPTER IV.

### AT WORK IN LAKEMBA.

"Let us watch awhile the sowers;
Let us mark their tiny grain,
Scattered oft in doubt and trembling,
Sown in weakness or in pain;
Then let Faith, with radiant finger,
Lift the veil from unseen things,
Where the golden sheaves are bending,
And the harvest anthem rings."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

NO sooner were Mr. and Mrs. Calvert settled in their home at Lakemba than their work began in good earnest. At first it was decided to give the new-comers time to acquire the language before any fresh stations were commenced, but the demand for teaching was so pressing that the missionaries felt bound to scatter themselves over as large an area as possible; and thus it happened that, six months after their arrival in Fiji, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert found themselves left alone at Lakemba, in charge of a large and laborious circuit, which included thirteen towns on the island

of Lakemba, besides twenty-four surrounding islands, some of them over a hundred miles distant.

The means of transit were as yet most difficult, there being no roads between one town and another, scarcely a safe footpath, and no beast of burden or conveyance was at this time in use on any of the islands; and for journeys by sea the missionary found it difficult to obtain the use of a seaworthy canoe.

It is hard for us to realize what this situation meant. Here was a solitary white man, with his wife, possessing only a very imperfect knowledge of the people or their language, surrounded by a little church, among whom at present scarcely an influential person was to be found. Outside this little community the most ferocious forms of cruelty existed and were in constant practice, often, indeed, within sight of the missionaries.

Alone—yet not alone—stood these courageous ones in the fight against evil; for He who walked in the fiery furnace to protect the three Hebrew children was also walking with His faithful servants, shielding them from the craft and malice of these vicious people. It would seem as though in the case of Mrs. Calvert the sights and scenes around her must only excite a feeling of repulsion and disgust; but such was not the case with this gentle, devoted lady. As soon as she got hold of the language, she began to work in the school and to meet classes; while her musical talent was employed in teaching the people to sing. Like her Master, in His pitying tenderness, she came down to the level of these unfortunate creatures, and tried to comfort them in their sorrows, and raise them above the sin

and degradation into which they had fallen, through the cruel customs of their religion and nation. Thus did Mrs. Calvert prove herself a helpmeet to her husband, in every sense of the word, in the great work to which he had devoted his life.

Much inconvenience was occasioned at the mission-house by the pilfering habits of the people, and the clever cunning they displayed in order to escape detection. Various things were constantly disappearing from the barter stores, and even from the kitchen. And not content with this, a regular burglary was planned about this time, and successfully carried out. On rising one morning one of the missionaries was surprised to find that a hole had been cut in the reed wall of his house, through which a large number of articles of wearing apparel had been stolen. A quantity of large stones close by told of the murderous intention of the thieves, if they had happened to meet with any resistance. The king, however, did not countenance this conduct, and on this occasion showed his displeasure in Fijian style, by taking off a finger from several children related to the offenders. But this state of things did not last long, for Mr. Calvert soon gained the confidence of the people by visiting them in their own homes, which had the twofold advantage of dissipating his own fears, and also of helping him in gaining a correct knowledge of the language. In this way a mutual trust sprang up between missionary and people, which was of great advantage to both.

Tui Nayau, the king, did not show any more favour to the "Lotu" now than in the days of Mr. Cargill. He was often a cause of grief and annoyance to Mr. Calvert, who, notwithstanding this,

faithfully reproved his wrong-doings, and patiently tried to persuade him to accept the truth. Persistently, but in an underhand way, he still did all in his power to oppose Christianity, while his brother, Toki, followed the policy of open resistance, and greatly influenced the king, who seems to have lacked that strength of purpose which characterized most of these Fijian potentates, and made them powerful for good or evil.

On one occasion Mr. Calvert waited on Tui Nayau and Toki, and asked that the people of Nasangkalu might join the "Lotu" if they wished, assuring the king and his brother that if permission were granted all respect, labour, and tribute would be paid them as usual. Both chiefs professed to believe that Christianity was a good thing for their followers, and to be quite willing that they should please themselves in matters of religion. Forthwith Mr. Calvert started for Nasangkalu to tell its inhabitants the good news; but before he reached the town he was met by two women, who had arrived before him with a message from the king. This message was to forbid the people to become Christians, and threatening to banish all who disobeyed the command.

Pursuing his journey, Mr. Calvert found that this order had had the disastrous effect of making the people afraid to follow his teaching. Still he was cheered by the conduct of one man who yielded to his convictions, at the expense of having to leave his home. He became servant to a Tongan who lived near the Mission House at Lakemba, and after proper instruction went to Vatoa as a native teacher, where he died after much faithful and successful service. The conduct of the king on this occasion

furnishes an example of the cunning duplicity in which the Fijian excels.

Later on, however, Tui Nayau showed less hostility to the work, and even favoured its extension, either because he was in a better state of mind, or because he saw it would answer his purpose to do so.

This was the case with the island of Oneata, which is situated forty miles south-east of Lakemba, and was subject to it. Here the work of a Fijian teacher, and the visits of the missionary, had been productive of much good. A church and school were established, in the working of which many of the natives took part. The work prospered until nearly all the inhabitants were Christians. In 1842 it was found necessary to build a larger chapel, when these industrious and enterprising people went to work with a will, and soon erected a structure large enough to hold all the inhabitants of the island. To many the building seemed unnecessarily large, but before it was opened for worship the king sent a message requesting all the people to join the "Lotu," and many who were only waiting for his sanction at once renounced their heathen worship. Among these were the head chief and priest of the island. Thus, when the chapel was opened it was found to be just the right size, and those who had expended their time and strength upon it were rewarded by seeing it well filled with earnest worshippers. Altogether these Oneata people were a race of superior intelligence, industry, and enterprise, and were therefore a great acquisition to Christianity in Fiji. They owned many canoes, with which they traded with other islands, boldly defending them from the grasp of more powerful chiefs. After they

became Christians, like those of the early Church, they went about preaching the Word wherever they journeyed, and in many places much good was done.

In this way the Gospel was taken to Vanuambalavu, an important island, situated half-way between Lakemba and Somosomo, to which it was subject. The inhabitants of this island were related to those of Oncata, and had the same gods, a privilege which in Fiji gives the possessors the right

A NATIVE DANCE.

to pilfer each other's goods, and also to swear the one at the other. After the business which occasioned these visits was over, it was usual to have dancing and singing; but now the new converts, instead of thus spending their time, began to talk about their religion, and to urge these relatives of theirs to "Lotu." This confession of Christ on the part of these Oneata people met with much opposition at first; but after a time, a chief of rank, named Mbukarau, accepted their invitation and embraced the Gospel. He was a brave, fearless man, and had

been much dreaded previous to his conversion; afterwards, chiefs and priests began to threaten and oppose him; but this he endured manfully, living up to all the light he had, while earnestly seeking to know the way of the Lord more perfectly.

After a time, he made a voyage to Lakemba to request that a teacher might be sent to instruct his people. The teacher on arrival found that several others had joined Mbukarau in his Christian worship, and great joy was evinced at the teacher's coming. The chief's house was soon crowded with worshippers, and gradually the opposition of the heathen began to give way. Joseph Mbukarau became a teacher and preacher himself, and was the means of leading many others into the light of the Gospel.

Inter-tribal wars, the cause of so much bloodshed in Fiji, now began to wage between Yaro and Lomolomo, two districts into which Vanuambalavu was divided. In these wars the Christians refused to join, and were permitted to remove to Munia, a small island about nine miles distant. Here, with Joseph Mbukarau at their head, they established in time a flourishing colony, where they remained free from the claims of war. The sturdy character of the religion of these early Christians in Fiji is worthy of note. Manfully did many of them endure persecution, exile, and even death, rather than compromise their principles. On one occasion, when Tuikilakila, the ferocious King of Somosomo, came on a visit to Lomolomo, to receive tribute, arrangements were made for the presentation to take place on the Sabbath; in this the Christians refused to take part, thus risking the displeasure of a king who had threatened to kill and eat any of his subjects

who should "Lotu." Contrary, however, to their expectation, and also that of the heathen, he permitted them to do homage and offer tribute on the following day.

In later years, when nearly all this group of islands had given up heathenism, the Sabbath was so rigidly kept that no canoe was seen putting to sea except to take some teacher or preacher to his appointment; and no bribe was sufficient to tempt a Christian native to climb a tree or gather cocoa-nuts or other fruit.

This principle was severely put to the test in 1874 and 1875, when the Balolo festival occurred on Sunday. As this festival, or Feast of Worms, is peculiar to these islands, we shall give Miss Gordon-Cumming's description of it:—

"The balolo is a small sea-worm, long and thin as ordinary vermicelli. Some are fully a yard long, others about an inch. It has a pointed body and many legs, and lives in the deep sea. Only on two days in the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The first day is in October, which is hence called 'Little Balolo,' when only a few appear. The natives know exactly when they are due, and are all on the look-out for them. They make their calculations by the position of certain stars. After this no more are seen till the high tide of the full moon which occurs between the 20th and 25th of November, which hence takes the name of 'Great Balolo,' when they rise to the surface in countless myriads, always before daybreak. In the Samoan Isles the day occurs about a fortnight earlier. At certain well-known points near the reefs, the whole sea, to the depth of several inches,

is simply alive with these red, green, and brown creatures, which form one writhing mass, and are pursued by shoals of fish of all sizes, which come to share the feast with the human beings. The latter are in a state of the wildest excitement, for it is the merriest day of the year, and is looked forward to from one November to the next by all the young folk. At midnight they go out in their canoes, and anxiously await the appearance of the first few worms, and great is the struggle to secure these, which herald the appearance of untold myriads. For several hours there is the merriest sport and laughter, every one bailing up the worms and trying who can most quickly fill his canoe, either by fair sport or by stealing from his neighbour.

"All is noise, scrambling, and excitement, the lads and lasses each carrying wicker baskets, with which they capture the worms without carrying too much salt water on board. As the day dawns, these mysterious creatures with one accord sink once more to their native depth, and by the moment of sunrise not one remains on the surface; nor will another be seen for twelve months, when, true to its festival, the balolo will certainly return. Never has it been known to fail in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, white or brown. Nor is there any record of any one having seen one rise to the surface on any save the two appointed days, which are known as the 'Little Balolo' and 'Great Balolo.' Well do the natives know how needless it would be to look for one after sunrise, so all the canoes then return to land, wrap their balolo in bread-fruit leaves, cook them in ovens dug on the beach, and have a great feast. So great is the quantity taken that the supply generally lasts

for several days, being warmed up when required, and basketfuls are sent to friends at a distance.

"Such is our prejudice against all manner of worms, that few Europeans appreciate this dainty, which, nevertheless, is really not nasty, especially when eaten with bread and butter. It is rather like spinach with a flavour of the sea. Sad to say, both this year and last year the full-moon tide occurred

PREPARATION OF FOOD.

on Sunday morning; notwithstanding, the irreligious little worms rose to the surface with their wonted punctuality. So rigid is the obedience of all the Wesleyans in the matter of Sabbatical observance, that not one of their canoes went out; whereas their Roman Catholic brethren, to whom more laxity is allowed, went forth rejoicing. The latter, however, are a very small minority, and you can imagine what an act of self-denial it must be to give up this

highly valued harvest of the sea on two following years."

We cannot wonder that Miss Gordon-Cumming closes her remarks on this subject by saying, "Certainly they are the most devout race (for Christians) that I have ever seen."

The story of the conversion of Tangithi, the daughter of Tui Nayau, is a very interesting one. When this young lady was about twenty years of age, she was taken seriously ill, and, as was customary in Fiji, the king set about trying to appease the supposed anger of the gods by having the temples repaired, and ordering large offerings of food to be prepared in every town on the island.

Thousands of taro-roots were baked, and presented together with nineteen large puddings. Fijian pudding is a very favourite article of diet, and is made with ground taro-root, which is baked in leaves in small portions, and afterwards mixed together with cocoa-nut and boiled sugar-cane juice. A case for the reception of this mixture is made with a large number of banana leaves. On this occasion the largest pudding measured twenty-one feet in circumference.

But while all this preparation was going on, Tangithi was getting worse; so Mr. Calvert was asked to pay her a second visit. He found the priest with her, going through his incantations, and rubbing her body at the same time.

The king was much excited, and said, "The illness of my daughter is very great!"

"Yes," said the missionary, "I know it; and you are to be blamed for following useless heathen worship, instead of continuing the use of medicine which proved beneficial."

With this he refused to prescribe unless these heathen rites were abandoned.

To this the king consented, and the medicine was given, which, while reviving her from her unconsciousness, caused her to toss about restlessly. This made the king think she was dying, and in anger he cried out, "You have killed my daughter!" Mr. Calvert's situation now became dangerous, surrounded as he was by the angry king and his enraged heathen subjects, many of whom would have been well pleased to get permission from the king to kill the missionary.

It was now the missionary's turn to be angry, and he vehemently expressed his indignation at being charged with taking the life of the princess, after he had been good enough to comply with their request and administer medicine sent from England for the use of his own family.

With this he snatched up his bottles and hurried home, glad to escape. Once there, he secured his house and awaited anxiously for news, well knowing that his life might not be worth much if the princess died during the night. With the morning came the news that Tangithi was a little better; and later on another message was sent from the king, asking for medicine for another of his children who was suffering from dysentery.

Mr. Calvert sent word, "Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night! And it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children of a king in so short a time!"

This reply brought an apology, and after some delay the medicine was sent.

Tangithi was now under the priests' care, who for four weeks tried all their charms and sacrifices for her recovery, but all to no purpose; the poor girl only grew worse. At the end of this period the king gave his consent for her to renounce her heathenism, and requested that she and her attendants might be removed to the Mission House, so that she could have Mr. Calvert's constant oversight.

Of course compliance with this request would occasion much inconvenience to the mission family; but Mrs. Calvert, with characteristic unselfishness, lost sight of her own trouble in the hope of teaching and helping these heathen women. A letter, dated August 11th, 1842, written by Mrs. Calvert to her brother, thus describes the visit of this princess to the Mission House:—

"Several men brought her on some pieces of wood fastened together for the purpose, and she was put into our study. She began to recover rapidly, and in a few days was able to sit up and eat her food with her attendants, who were not a few. The young princess said, 'I only hated religion, and am now greatly ashamed of my past conduct. I was extraordinary in telling lies, and if I had died in my illness I should not have known anything about religion.' She soon learned the alphabet, and is getting on well with her book. She left us last Tuesday, strong and well. It is about six weeks since she first came. The king said afterwards, 'There is a famine of whales' teeth [in consequence of the large offerings made to the gods], *yanggona* [of which the king is very fond], and of food. Yet, after all, Tangithi would have died if she had not served the true God.' About three weeks since

one of the king's children was taken ill, and he wished its mother to bring it to our house, that it might have medicine and be under Mr. Calvert's care. The dear baby soon got worse, and the mother said it was to 'Lotu.' They went to ask the king if the child might embrace religion. The king said 'Yes.' We told the mother that the child did not know anything about religion, and that it would be well for her to pray to the true God, and endeavour to feel resigned to His will. However, in two or three days the baby died ; and of all the noises I ever heard, theirs was the worst. It died in the middle of the night, and they called up Mr. Calvert to inform him. He got up, and had one of our boxes prepared for burying it. I kept in bed with the children. The child's name was Mata-ika, and the mother kept crying, 'Where are you going, Mata-ika ?' And really if shouting, screaming, pulling the poor child's eyes open, oiling its body, and tumbling it about could have fetched the babe to life again, they could not have done more for it than they did. They kept up this awful noise for about six hours in our house. I shall never forget it. We were quite afraid the mother would go and burn her body, and shave her head, or do something of this sort, as is customary with the natives. She made her hands *tabu* [sacred]; so that when she ate some persons fed her, and the same when she smoked. The natives are sad smokers, and grow their own tobacco.

"I fear I shall tire you with what, perhaps, will not be interesting. Please forgive me. I should have said that in a few days the mother returned to our house, said the child had died in the religion,

and she herself would follow it. She attends the chapel on the Sabbath, and comes to the female school on the week-days. What a blessing if it should be the means of her conversion! God grant it may!"

It was now evident to all the heathen around that Tangithi owed her recovery to the missionary's God, when their own heathen priest had failed to effect a cure; which fact lessened their faith in heathen gods, and led some to renounce them. The princess became a consistent member of the Church and a great help to the cause.

But a severe trial awaited Tangithi, from which it seemed impossible that her Christian friends could deliver her. In early days she had been betrothed to Tanoa, the cannibal King of Bau, whose brutalities are said to have exceeded those of all the other Fijian kings in fiendish horror. And now the time had arrived for Tangithi to become one of his many wives. Resistance was in vain, and accordingly she was sent to Bau. Here she was subjected to all kinds of persecution, because she persisted in praying to the true God, and not until her life was in danger from sickness, brought about by ill-treatment, was she allowed to return to Lakemba. Her kind friends at the Mission House received her with much joy, but she was not allowed to stay, for as soon as her health was restored she was ordered to return to Bau, where she again suffered much from her persecutors.

But her release was at hand, for after the death of Tanoa she was allowed to visit her father, on condition that she returned with large offerings as

tribute. Changes had meanwhile taken place, both at Lakemba and Bau; the former king was nominally a Christian, and did not seem disposed to comply with these terms, especially as the power of the Bau king was much weakened, and Tui Nayau had consequently less to fear from his displeasure.

After a time King George of Tonga visited Bau, when the king informed him how his Lakemban vassals had served him, and promised that Tangithi should be free to return home if she brought him the promised tribute. King George, seeing the justice of the claim, undertook to have it carried out. But when on his way to Bau with Tangithi, he found that the king meant to deceive him, so he returned with her to Lakemba, where she remained an earnest worker in the Mission Church.

In 1847, Mrs. Calvert, in writing home, thus refers to an interview she had with Tui Nayau:—

"Many of our people are suffering with influenza, and most of our time is taken up in attending to the sick. The king is very poorly with it, and he is dreadfully alarmed lest he should die. This morning, before it was light, his people called me up to go and see him. We were soon at his house, and there we found him surrounded by the chiefs and people, sitting on a mat by the side of the fire, with a piece of white native cloth tied on each arm, and two or three head-dresses round his head. He told us that this was his preparation for death; for he knew very well that he should die. I told him that he did not look like a dying man, and that he must at once throw away his decorations. He did so, and we gave him some plain truth. He said, 'Leave

me, and I will "Lotu" as soon as I am well.' We reasoned with him a long time, and then came away. We have been three times to see him, but he still says he shall die."

About two years after this visit from Mrs. Calvert, Tui Nayau, the King of Lakemba, publicly renounced heathenism, and professed Christianity.

Another conversion worthy of notice here was that of a Levukan chief, who, with his tribe, had settled at Lakemba. This man, by his vigour of character and industry, as well as by his unscrupulous duplicity, had acquired wealth and power. Many were the outrages he had perpetrated when sent to collect tribute for the Lakemban king. His tribe was subject to the powerful King of Bau, and with him the chief exerted all the power he possessed to destroy Christianity in Lakemba. Shortly before Mr. and Mrs. Calvert left Lakemba, an opportunity occurred for conversing with this man of blood. Faithfully did the missionary reprove and exhort him to consider the claims of the Gospel. The truth impressed him, and after further inquiry his conscience became troubled, and it was not long before this notorious sinner was found acknowledging his sins, and earnestly seeking the forgiveness of God. A great change now came over him. He became as earnest in doing good as previously he had been in his wickedness, and wherever he went his conduct showed how thorough was the change which had taken place in his heart and life. His energy now found vent in working for the Mission, and before long one of the most beautiful chapels in that district was erected chiefly at his expense. At the opening service of this

OVALAU ISLAND.

sanctuary he put away his many wives, and was married to one by religious rite.

We insert here a quotation from that excellent work, "Fiji and the Fijians," by Thomas Williams and James Calvert to which book we have already acknowledged our indebtedness for many valuable facts in the preparation of this volume :—

"During the progress of the events just recorded, the Mission was slowly advancing at the chief island of Lakemba, which, beside several Tongan settlements, has ten Fijian towns and villages. It was, of course, impossible for the missionary and his assistants to visit all of the many islands included in the Lakemban circuit; but the truth reached all, for the people came to Lakemba to procure goods, or for other purposes, and they always called at the Mission House, where care was taken to impart instruction. All, however, were afraid of the king and chief in the principal town, so that for a long time there was not much apparent success. Yet this town was regularly visited by the missionaries, who were occasionally cheered by tokens of good having been effected.

"On visiting Yavutha, a heathen who was sick, Mr. Calvert heard with gratitude of the fruit of another missionary's teaching. Yavutha begged him to sit near, and said, 'I have desired a visit from you. I wished to go to your house that we might worship the true God together, but I could not; I have therefore made an offering to the gods we have worshipped. I hate them much. They are liars. I am greatly grieved because I have long neglected to worship the true God. I am now determined to pray to God. If I die while worshipping Him it will be well. Mr. Cross is a good man. He was

of few words, but we always felt when he spoke to us.'

"In the presence of the chiefs, their wives, and several of his friends, Mr. Calvert made known to him more fully the nature of sin and the atonement of the Saviour, and then at his request prayed for him. Mr. Cross had then left five years, and this long delayed result of good greatly encouraged this missionary."

Such are some of the events which took place during the ten years in which Mr. and Mrs. Calvert were at work at Lakemba—years crowned with mercies, many of them full of joy, others clouded with sorrow and disappointment. This we see by Mr. Calvert's own *résumé* of his toil, with which extract we close this chapter:—

"I have lived in Lakemba in great peace, have been on friendly terms with all, and have been connected with a most extensive spread of Christianity in Lakemba and its dependencies. There by far the best part of my life has been spent. I feel heartily attached to the people and the place, and could gladly spend there the residue of my days, were I directed by God's all-wise providence to remain. Lakemba is to me more than all the world beside. Yet where God commands and directs I cheerfully go. I only desire to be where He approves, and to do what He requires, for the few remaining days He may employ me. For three separate years I was alone at Lakemba, and twice I was with missionaries who came direct from England.

"I have sailed to many of the islands in this circuit in canoes—to Ono, Vatoa, Ongea, Vulanga, Namuka, Oneata, Mothe, Komo, Vuang-gava,

Kambara, Vanua Vatu, Nayau, Vanuambalavu, Munea, and Tuvutha, inhabited; to Aiwa, Olorua, and Tavunasithi, uninhabited. I have walked much on the island to the various towns. There I have had much and long-continued sickness and much health. There our Mary was given back to us when apparently gone. There my beloved wife—after the failure of copious bleeding for several times, the application of blisters, and cuppings with razor and tumbler, in the absence of proper apparatus—was raised again, in mercy, in answer to earnest and believing prayer.

"While I have endeavoured to be faithful to God and with men, I have to mourn over much unfaithfulness, and thankfully rejoice that the Lord has blessed me, and done all things well. Lakemba! I love thee! Farewell! From thee I cannot be separated. My prayers, thoughts, efforts shall still be towards thee. I hope many thence will be the crown of my rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. I fear I shall be witness against many who perish after frequent and faithful warning. I laboured diligently, I trust, to do the people good temporally and spiritually; and God accompanied many of my efforts with His blessing. My five children, born there, are all alive. Praise the Lord for all His goodness! O Lord, bless abundantly, and for ever, Lakemba and all its dependencies!"

## CHAPTER V.

### CHRISTIANITY AT ONO.

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

"The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light."

PERHAPS the most strange and touching scenes connected with the mission to Fiji were those which took place on the island of Ono. This island is the principal of an isolated group, situated about one hundred and fifty miles south of Lakemba, to which it was tributary. It forms the southernmost extremity of Fiji. Without any prompting, except that which must have come from God's good Spirit, these people began to grope from their own deep heathen darkness towards the light. The circumstances which led to this movement we will now relate.

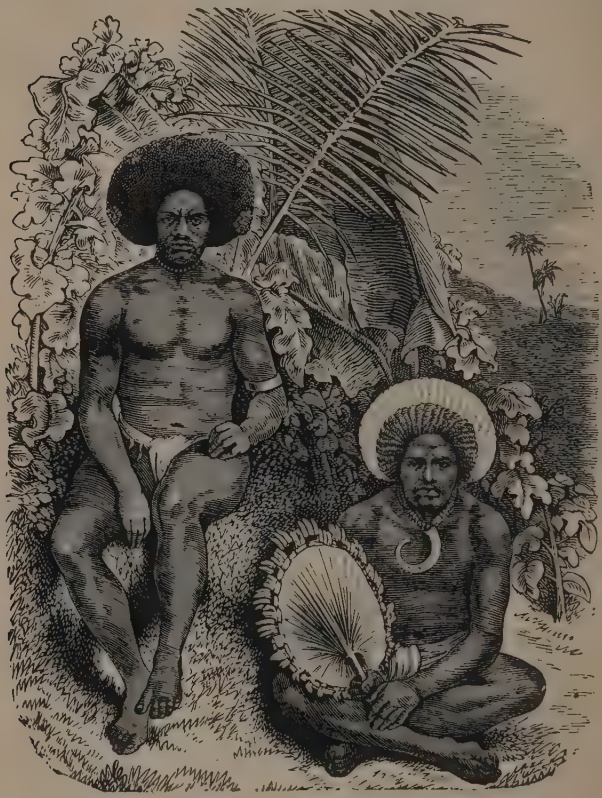
In the year 1835, about the same time that the

mission to Fiji was commenced, several events transpired which tended to crush the spirit of the inhabitants of these islands. Numbers of the people had been killed in the wars, in which they were nearly always engaged, while still more had been carried off by an epidemic disease that had raged among them. Thus, much fear and excitement prevailed. Large offerings were made to the gods, whose displeasure they thought was the cause of these disasters. Every act of worship was most carefully carried out, but all in vain; the gods refused to be propitiated, and the troubles of the people increased.

Just about this time Wai, one of the chiefs of Ono, went to Lakemba, bearing the usual tribute to the king, and while there met with a Fijian chief called Takai, who had been to the Friendly Islands, where he had heard of, and embraced, Christianity. From this man Wai learnt that there was but one God, whom all ought to serve, and that one day in seven should be set apart for His worship. With these very elementary truths he returned to Ono, and spread them among his people.

These people, feeling that their own gods could not, or would not, deliver them out of their distresses, determined to apply to this new God in the way prescribed. Accordingly, on the sixth day they prepared their food for the morrow, when they dressed as for a festival, and assembled together to worship this unknown God. But here a difficulty arose as to who should officiate for them, for they were not used to praying except through the priest. Still their project was not thus early to be abandoned; so in their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest,

and asked him to address this new God in their behalf. Moved, either by fear, or compassion, or



A CHIEF AND HIS ATTENDANT.

honour, the priest came to the rescue, and asked the Christians' God to help and bless the people, at the

same time acknowledging that he himself was on another tack, and worshipped a different God, and that he was only acting as spokesman for his neighbours.

This kind of worship was continued for some time, while every day the longing for more knowledge became deeper. But the isolated position of this island made it very difficult for the inhabitants to communicate their wish, that a teacher who could supply their need might be sent to them. The voyage to Tonga in an open canoe was a very dangerous one, even when the wind was favourable enough to permit of its being attempted.

After a while, however, a messenger was sent to Tonga on a whaling ship, which happened to touch at Ono, requesting that a teacher might be sent; but several months had to pass before an answer could be returned.

In the meantime a canoe full of Tongans had left Lakemba for their native land; but contrary winds prevailed, and they were driven out of their course, and landed at Vatoa Island, about fifty miles from Ono. While there they heard of the interest the people at Ono had in the Christians' God, and one of their number, whose Christian name was Josiah, determined to go over and teach them what he knew. On arriving, he took the place of the heathen priest, led the daily devotions of the people, as well as taught them on Sundays, and some of these people soon learnt to pray for themselves.

After a time the messenger returned from Tonga, bringing tidings that white teachers were settled at Lakemba, and that to them the people must apply for help, which would cause another long delay.

But all unknown to any, except God—"who moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"—a teacher was being trained at Lakemba for this work at Ono. One of their own islanders, a wild lad of roving disposition, had managed to reach Tonga in safety. While there he found the people worshipping a new God. He attended their services, and afterwards, when living at Lakemba, became a true convert under Mr. Cargill's teaching, and was baptized, taking the name of Isaac Ravuata. He was a bright, intelligent youth, and quickly learned to read and write; and ultimately he became a valuable local preacher. So when the request for a teacher for Ono reached Mr. Cargill, here was just the man ready to go, directly an opportunity occurred for sending him. In the interval he was gaining further instruction, tending to fit him for taking charge of the church, which, being situated at so great a distance from the principal mission-station, could be visited but seldom by the missionary himself.

When Isaac arrived at Ono, he found that one hundred and twenty persons had renounced their heathen worship, and many more were thirsting for a knowledge of the Christian faith. A year later another teacher was sent, with books and small portions of Holy Scripture. By this time three chapels had been built; and the people were so anxious for instruction that they scarcely allowed the Christian crew, who had brought the new teacher, time to sleep or refresh themselves.

The return of the canoe to Lakemba brought news that the island of Vatoa had also become "Lotu," and that the people of these islands were anxiously

waiting a visit from the white missionary, when many hoped to be baptized and united in marriage. It was very hard for Mr. Calvert to refuse this invitation, and yet harder still for him to comply with it, for at this time he was labouring alone at Lakemba, and travelling as frequently as possible among the other twenty islands, on which mission-stations had been established. Even if his time and strength had permitted of his taking so long a journey, involving an absence of weeks, perhaps months, how could he have left his wife alone among ferocious people for so long a time, especially as Tui Nayau, the king, was still opposed to the truth? No wonder the missionary wavered in the face of this great difficulty. But in the crisis it was the brave-hearted Mrs. Calvert who urged him to go, saying, "It would be much better to leave me alone than to neglect so many people. If you can arrange for the work to be carried on here you ought to go."

This difficulty overcome, another arose from the fact that no suitable canoe could be obtained for such a dangerous voyage, while the desire to venture had been deepened by a further very urgent request from Ono, stating that the missionary's presence was more than ever needed. It was not long, however, before Mr. Calvert was able to get a Tongan chief, who came to Lakemba with a large but not seaworthy canoe, to consent to take him to Ono. So, leaving his courageous wife

and little child to the care of their Almighty Protector, he set sail, and reached Vatoa in a few days, where he found the native teacher doing well. After a short stay, he left for Ono.

At Ono the people rejoiced greatly to see the missionary, and his heart was made glad when he found how genuine a work had been begun among them. Over one hundred were eligible for baptism. Among these were many interesting cases of conversion, one of which may be given here at length :—

Tovo was a young lady belonging to the highest rank in the island, the daughter of a chief, and said to be beautiful. It was known to Mr. Calvert that she had been betrothed, in infancy, to Tui Nayau, King of Lakemba, so he now declined to administer the rite of baptism unless she refused to become one of the thirty wives of that monarch. Realizing well the trouble that might arise from this course of action, Tovo declared her willingness to die rather than be compelled to fulfil her betrothal ; and all the Christians expressed their determination to suffer anything rather than give her up to Tui Nayau. At her baptism she took the name of Jemima, and having already learnt to read, she became a great help in the school and in other religious work.

Altogether Mr. Calvert was absent from Lakemba about three weeks. Soon after his return he waited upon the king, and told him of Tovo's baptism, explaining that she could not now become one of his wives, and trying to get him to relinquish his claim, but without success. Incited by the heathen of Ono, Tui Nayau began to prepare a fleet of canoes manned with warriors to go to that island. On hearing of this, Mr. Calvert went to him, with the cus-

tomary offering of a whale's tooth, and begged him to refrain from persecuting these Christian subjects of his. An interesting conversation took place. "You are preparing to voyage to Ono," said Mr. Calvert. "I understand that you intend to compel Jemima to be brought to you. I beg you will not do so, but allow her to remain at her own island, a Christian."

"Oh, no; I am only going there for tribute, sinnet, cloth, mosquito curtains, mats, and pearl shell."

"If so, why do you take your warriors with you? I should have thought that if you were merely going for tribute you would have taken sailors; but instead of that you take a number of warriors."

"Oh, they are good sailors also. I shall manage very well with them."

"Tui Nayau, before you venture, I warn you faithfully. I love you, and therefore warn you. God's people are as the apple of His eye. In thus fetching this girl you are fighting against God. You will imperil your own safety if you go on such an errand. Remember that on the sea, and at all the islands between Lakemba and Ono, the Lord Jehovah rules supreme, and can easily punish you if you are found fighting against Him. Take care what you are about."

"Oh, no; I do not intend anything of the kind. I am only just going to my own island, to fetch tribute, as I have done before."

Feeling sure that the king was deceiving him, Mr. Calvert departed, saying these bold prophetic words: "I hear what your mouth says, but do not know what your heart intends. I do not know what you really purpose, but forewarn you that you

are risking your own safety if you attempt to fetch Tovo from Ono."

Nothing daunted, the king set sail, and the voyage went prosperously at first. When he reached Vatoa, however, he threw off the disguise he had assumed as to his intention towards the Christians, and ill-treated those who were on that island, allowing his people to destroy their food and steal their property. A contrary wind then sprang up, which detained the king, but four canoes of his, containing warriors, were sent forward to await his arrival at Ono. These had on board about one hundred men, who were never heard of afterwards. Either they were drowned at sea, or being shipwrecked, were thrown upon some heathen island, where they were killed and eaten, according to the binding custom. When the wind changed the king and his party started, but although they came within sight of Ono, the wind having shifted again, they were unable to reach the entrance and shore. As night came on affairs became serious. The wind rose, and the sea raged; so that the king, remembering Mr. Calvert's warning, gave up all hope of rescue. He prepared himself for death, by oiling his body, putting on a royal dress and a beautiful necklace; and he prayed to his gods, promising large thank-offerings, together with a special pig, fed by his own hand, if he got back safely to Lakemba.

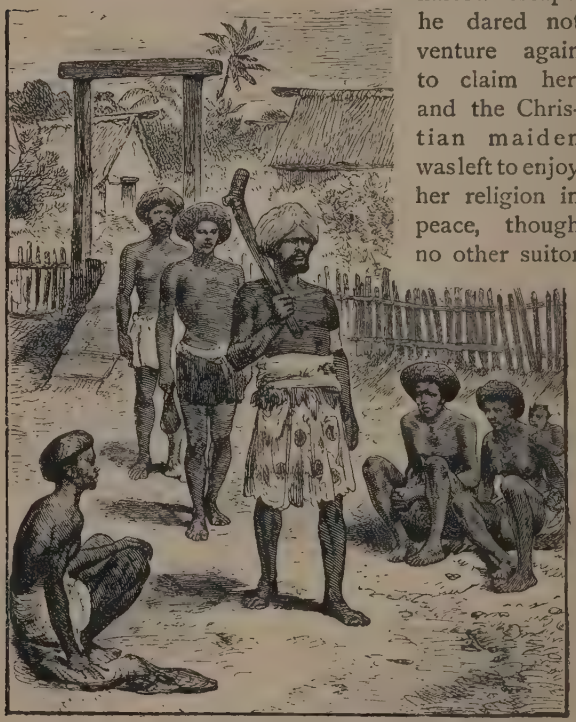
During the next day the king and his party came in sight of Totoya, where they landed in safety. Here they were treated kindly, and entertained until it was safe for them to start home again. On arriving at Lakemba, Tui Nayau begged the missionary that his "words of warning might never follow

him again ;" and the pig he had vowed to sacrifice to *his* god was sent to Mr. Calvert, thus showing that he believed that his gods had not rendered him help in time of danger, but that it was of the Lord's mercies he was not consumed.

It is very remarkable that two canoes which were manned with Christian sailors left Vatoa at the same time as the king, and yet reached Ono in safety. One of these had on board Toki, the king's brother, who was more inveterate in his hatred of Christianity than the king himself, yet his wrath was mercifully restrained. He landed first at Ndoi, whence news soon reached Ono that he was coming to demand Jemima. The Christians were determined to resist him, and prepared themselves against his attack. Strange to say, they were soon joined by the heathen, who thought it best for their own safety to make common cause with the Christians. Meanwhile a message was sent to inform Toki that all the people of Ono had joined together to withstand him, but that if he came peaceably they were quite willing to entertain him, and to pay the usual tribute. Answer was quickly made that he meant to come in peace, and accordingly the people dispersed to prepare food for their visitors. On landing he was well treated, but a strict watch was kept upon Toki, lest he should pounce upon them unawares. Thus three months were spent waiting for Tui Nayau and his warriors to arrive, but these failed to reach Ono; and Toki accepted tribute, and returned home in no better humour towards the Christians, who had resisted him so firmly.

After a time Tui Nayau expressed his willingness to accept tribute in place of Tovo. This was readily supplied by the people of Ono, and supplemented

by the missionary; but before it arrived, acting on adverse advice, he had changed his mind, and once more demanded the girl. Still, after his late narrow escape, he dared not venture again to claim her, and the Christian maiden was left to enjoy her religion in peace, though no other suitor



HOMAGE TO A CHIEF.

dare propose to her, as the king had not relinquished his claim.

After Mr. Calvert's visit to Ono, the heathen began to persecute the Christians. While engaged

in a prayer-meeting, two of their number were surprised; one was killed, and the other wounded. Fighting ensued for some weeks, when the Christians surprised their enemies, and completely defeated them. The heathen naturally expected to be treated as their conduct deserved, and were utterly amazed when their neighbours offered to pardon them and spare their lives. Thus did these Ono Christians prove that theirs was no mere profession of religion, but a living reality, since it taught them to love their enemies, and to do good to those who hated them.

Three years later Mr. Calvert again undertook the journey from Lakemba to Ono, when he was rejoiced to find that the Church had been visited with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and that the whole population were filled with an earnest religious fervour. In a few weeks about two hundred persons gave good hope of their conversion, and whole nights and days were spent in prayer and praise. Some of the clear, earnest testimonies of these new converts, given at a meeting over which Mr. Calvert presided, showed conclusively that the people had been taught of God. One said, "I love the Lord. I know He loves me; not for anything in me or for anything I have done; but for Christ's sake alone. I trust in Christ, and am happy. I listen to God, that He may do with me as He pleases. I am thankful to have lived until the Lord's work began. I feel it in my heart. I hold Jesus; I am happy; my heart is full of love to God."

A native teacher, Silas by name, was requested to pray, and the missionary, who was in a weak state of health at the time, thus refers to his prayer:

"The effect upon my poor frame was thrilling, but very enlivening. My spirit was quickened and refreshed. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for what I see, hear, and feel! What hath God wrought! Blessed and praised be His holy name, who only doeth wondrous things!"

Many of these earnest men were ready to go in peril of their lives to teach in distant parts of Fiji. Of these eight were chosen. At the closing service the sacrament was administered to about three hundred, and next morning a most affecting scene took place, when all the people assembled on the beach previous to the missionary's departure. Again all knelt in prayer for a blessing on the eight teachers who were going forth to preach Christ, as the first-fruits of labourers from Ono.

That this was no mere passing excitement is proved by the fact that of all the work in Fiji, that at Ono has been most permanent and successful. More native teachers have been raised in proportion to the population than in any of the other islands; and while many have entered into rest after faithful labour, many more are still at work for the Master in all parts of Fiji.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LABOURS AT VIWA AND BAU.

"Thou hast in triumph led
Our enemies and Thine,
And, more than conqueror, displayed
Omnipotence Divine.

"We see them all before
Thy bleeding cross subdued,
And prostrate at Thy feet adore
The one eternal God."

IN the year 1848 the scene of Mr. Calvert's labour was changed from Lakemba to the western group of islands, where the devoted John Hunt had been at work for some years.

Mr. Hunt's serious illness took Mr. Calvert to Viwa, and after the death of the former, it became necessary for Mr. Calvert to remove to that island. Viwa is one of the small islets which rise from the reef on the eastern coast of Na Viti Levu—Great Fiji. At this time it was one of the most valuable

dependencies of Bau, from which it was only two miles distant.

As yet the missionaries had been unable to establish a mission-station at Bau. They were very anxious to do so, because of the great influence its king exerted over all Fiji, and knowing that if heathen customs gave way there, the hold they had in other parts would be greatly weakened. Tanoa, the old King of Bau, one of the most ferocious and bloodthirsty cannibals in Fiji, still lived; but the government was really in the hands of Thakombau, his son, who was remarkable for his intelligence and resolution in whatever line of conduct he adopted.

Captain Erskine, who visited Fiji in 1849 in command of H.M.S. *Havannah*, thus describes Thakombau :—

"It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief; of large, almost gigantic, size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned; his countenance, with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of his skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire, he looked every inch a king."

This chief's conversion appears to have lain heavily on Mr. Calvert's heart; and it was the subject of much earnest prayer and labour, although years passed before it became an accomplished fact.

From the first the missionary acquired a great

influence over Thakombau by the most upright and judicious conduct on his part, and no opportunity of warning and reproving him was lost sight of. No public service was, however, allowed to be conducted at Bau; but Mr. Calvert paid frequent visits, and always on such occasions sought an interview with the king. He tried to rouse his conscience; but knowing that the principles of Christianity would go against his unjust measures, the king would not countenance it in any way.

The old king, Tanoa, however, allowed service to be held at Sembi, a settlement near Bau, where some of his own women resided; and soon the missionary's heart was cheered by hearing that Ko na Malo, Tanoa's chief wife, had been overheard praying earnestly to the true God.

In the April of 1850 Mr. and Mrs. Calvert sustained a great loss in the death of their daughter Mary. Five months after their arrival in Fiji this little one was born, and we can well imagine the joy she brought them in their loneliness. And yet how hard it must have been to see their darling deprived of so many comforts and privileges which she might have enjoyed in an English home, and doubly so must they have felt it when sickness came threatening to tear their treasure from their embrace. The slight medical knowledge, acquired by Mr. Calvert in student-days in London, was of great service; but no skilled advice could be obtained; there was not even another missionary with whom they could confer. But in that darksome hour their trust was in God, who in His tender compassion heard their prayer, rebuked the sickness, and the little one was restored. When scarcely five years old, Mary's life

was again in danger. While looking down the deep well on the mission premises, she lost her balance, and swung forward with her head downwards. Fortunately, her brother, two years younger than herself, was standing behind her. With presence of mind beyond his years, the little fellow caught hold of her leg, and held on bravely until their screams brought help, and Mary was rescued from her perilous position. And many heartfelt thanks went up to God from the mission family that day, as they realized His hand in this wonderful deliverance.

As the years passed by, the little girl, under the careful training of her godly mother, developed an amiable and affectionate disposition. She was deeply pious, delighting in prayer and in reading the Word of God. At the age of eight she could read the Scriptures in Fijian as well as in English, and in true missionary spirit she might often be found trying to teach the natives the things of God, reading and rendering into their own language passages of Scripture that had not yet been translated for them. The wild Fijians learned to love the little maiden, and were delighted to get her among them, that they might listen to her simple story of the Saviour's love. About this time Mary startled her tender-hearted mother by saying, one evening, "I quite think in my heart, mother, that I shall die soon; that I shall not live long in this world. I think I shall go and be with Jesus in heaven." In her own mind, however, this presentiment did not awaken any fear, for when asked by her father, she said, "I am not afraid to die; I love Jesus more than I love you, father." Happy child—to have learnt thus early to cling so closely to Jesus as to be

ready to follow Him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death without fear! Happy parents—to have this blessed assurance, that if they were called to part with their beloved daughter, she would go to be with Christ, which was far better!

Mr. and Mrs. Calvert were very anxious to give their little Mary the benefit of an English home and education; and after much thought and earnest prayer, they decided to make the costly sacrifice of parting with her as soon as a favourable opportunity presented itself. Shortly afterwards the widow of the Rev. John Hunt was about to return to England with her children, and it was arranged that little Mary Calvert should accompany them.

During the voyage her parents received several letters from her, each of which showed her deep affection for them, and how resigned she was to God's will, looking above for the comfort she so much needed in times of sickness and sorrow. Writing from Auckland, she says:—

"I love you all very much. We arrived safely in Auckland, and are now very comfortable and happy. Thank the Lord for all His mercies! We left Nandy on the Friday after we left you. We saw Viwa, and thought you would be looking at us. On Tuesday night we were close to Kandavu. A week after—early on Wednesday morning—New Zealand was in sight; but we were another week in reaching Auckland, because we were very much becalmed. On Sunday, the 3rd, it began to rain and blow like a Fijian *cava* [storm]. We got to anchor on Sunday afternoon. The Lord preserved us in great danger on Saturday night, from running on the rocks. . . . Now, my dear father and mother,

sisters and brother, I must say good-bye. The Lord bless you and me!"

A year later Mrs. Calvert wrote to her little girl the following letter, not knowing that her darling had been in heaven five months :—

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—It is now more than twelve months since the *John Calvin* was said to be in the Downs; and this we read in a paper more than seven months ago, and waited patiently for the arrival of the *Wesley*, hoping to receive letters from you, Sister Hunt, and other friends. But, to our great, very great disappointment, we had not one! We trust you all reached home safely, and are all well and happy. We shall feel very anxious to hear how you got through the first winter; when you write tell us all you can. . . .

"Oh, my dear Mary, I wonder if you have a new heart yet, or not! I hope you have, and that you are happy in God. What a loving God is ours! He listens to a little child, and is quite ready and willing to bless, and save, and make her happy. Jesus invites you to come to Him. What a mercy! Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and the Lord will bless and save you.

"In June we all went over to Bau, and I and your sisters and brother were there seven weeks. We enjoyed our visit very much; and then your kind father came in the *Wesley*, and to save time and expense, took us on by Lakemba to Viwa.

"We were eight days with Mrs. Lyth at our old house, and we felt as if we had got home again. The old friends were very glad to see us, and we felt as delighted to see them. We had a good missionary meeting there, and the people gave willingly.

This was the first meeting of the kind. . . . The old king has 'Lotued,' and they are all comfortable. . . . There has been quite a revival amongst the native children at Lakemba, and Sevoki (Wetasau's daughter), Victoria, and some others are thought to be truly converted to God. I met their class, and was very much pleased with them. There are about twenty in the class. . . . The Lord bless you, my dear Mary."

Six months elapsed before the *John Wesley* was sighted, and then in joyous expectation Mr. Calvert put off in a canoe and boarded her before she cast anchor. Very soon, alas! his joy was turned into sorrow, for he learned that his darling child had passed away, to be for ever with the Lord.

After landing safely in England, Mary had been brought low by an attack of measles. This was followed by severe colds, and ultimately by congestion of the brain, which proved too much for one reared in a tropical climate. During her last illness, her uncle, the Rev. Philip Fowler, had said to her, in her latest conscious moments, "Mary, you must look to Jesus, and trust in Jesus." She answered, "I do;" and these were her last words.

Oh, how the hearts of these loving parents were bowed with sorrow; such a sorrow too! lightened only by the thought of reunion hereafter. It would have been sad to part with her even under ordinary circumstances, but how much more so when thousands of miles were between them and the object of their love, thus preventing them from ministering to her last wants! Surely the missionary, whoever he be, demands our sympathy and prayers, for his are no common trials and sorrows.

About this time a piratical tribe called Mbutoni arrived at Bau, bringing large offerings of their spoil as tribute to King Tanoa. Human flesh must, according to custom, be obtained, in order to entertain these warriors in proper style. Accordingly, a party under Ngavindi, the chief of the fishermen, set out in canoes to capture enemies, or, failing these, friends, to furnish human food for the ovens. While lying in wait under some mangrove bushes, a company of women were seen fishing; of these, fourteen were seized, and brought as captives to Bau. News of the capture soon reached the mission-house at Viwa, where Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth were alone with their children, their husbands having gone to teach on other islands. The hearts of these noble women were filled with horror at the thought of so many luckless creatures being sacrificed, and at once they determined to lose no time in going over to Bau in order to try and stay the slaughter.

With all speed a canoe was launched, which, bearing the missionaries' wives, made for the scene of the feast. Before reaching their destination they heard the sound of the death-drums and the firing of muskets, informing them that the horrid butchery had begun.

On arriving they were joined by a Christian chief, and made their way in haste to the king's house, where no woman was allowed to enter. But forgetting even their own safety in their earnest desire to save life, they rushed into the very presence of the king, and made their request. Tanoa seemed stunned by the audacity of the bold intruders, and ordered the murders to be stopped. Nine had

already perished, but five remained, and were set at liberty through the intercession of these heroic servants of Jesus Christ.

Looking at the event, we cannot but wonder at the desperate courage which took two women, unguarded, into the midst of these excited, bloodthirsty cannibals, with the intent of frustrating their cruel purposes, and also at the success which attended

CAPTURE OF WOMEN WHILST FISHING.

their enterprise. Still, we remember that they were "strong in the Lord," and He who inspired their resolute courage went with them into the dangers they were venturing to confront, and influenced the hearts of these wild creatures to grant their request.

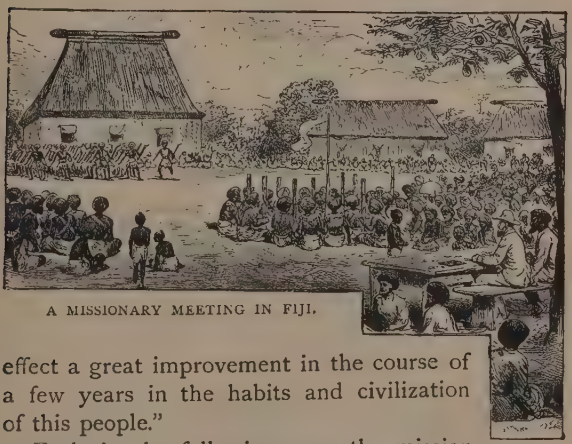
Before leaving the island, Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth went to the house of Ngavindi, the chief

butcher, whom they found sitting at ease, evidently well satisfied with his work. They tried to show him the evil he had wrought in the sight of God; and though they did not seem to make much impression upon him, yet they were pleased to find that his chief wife, and the chief wife of Thakombau, who were present, agreed with what they were saying, and tried to emphasize their reproof. Shortly after this, Ngavindi was slain in battle, when trying to carry off a dead body. He was laid in state, before his burial, on a raised platform, with a dead wife at his side, the corpse of his mother at his feet, and that of a servant close by—all of whom had been strangled to do him honour, and all were laid in one grave.

The visit of Captain Erskine to Viwa, before referred to, took place only a few days after Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth had visited Bau on their errand of mercy. In company with Mr. Calvert, he went to Bau to be introduced to Thakombau. This visit did much to strengthen the hands of the missionaries, as the Captain showed his horror and disgust at the cannibalism there practised, and urged the king to listen to the missionaries and prohibit it. The Captain thus refers to the influence which Mr. Calvert had gained over this powerful chief:—

"Without giving in for a moment to any of the chief's improper or unreasonable desires, or attempting to flatter his vanity, he seemed, on the contrary, to lose no opportunity of administering a reproof or expressing disapprobation when any occasion occurred to call for it, treating the chief at the same time with the respect due to his station and affording him no pretext for an accusation of arrogance or undue

interference. I remarked with great pleasure that in addressing Thakombau Mr. Calvert always made use of the term *saka* ['sir']; a piece of courtesy as creditable to him as a gentleman and minister of religion to pay as satisfactory to the chief to receive. The ultimate success of such a course of policy, if pursued by all the members of the mission towards a race attached to their chiefs and fond of ceremonious politeness, and at the same time of a strong and discriminating intellect, seems certain, and must



A MISSIONARY MEETING IN FIJI.

effect a great improvement in the course of a few years in the habits and civilization of this people."

Early in the following year the mission received help from New South Wales, being reinforced by the arrival of Messrs. W. Moore and J. G. Millard. On the day they reached Viwa, Mr. Calvert had arranged to try a special missionary meeting. About £30 was collected among the white residents and the missionaries, while the natives, offering such things as they possessed, presented seventy-six mats,

twenty-four baskets, three bows with arrows, seven pieces of sandal-wood, sixteen fans, sixty-two very superior clubs, one pillow, thirty-one spears, eleven hand-clubs, four ladies' dresses, three pieces of native cloth, five water-vessels, four combs, and one pig. This unlooked-for generosity on the part of the people greatly stimulated the missionary and his assistants, who nevertheless were often sickened by the sight of cooked human bodies and mutilated limbs made ready for food, as was the case when they visited Bau a few days later.

For some time past the missionaries had looked forward to the death of the old king, Tanoa, with hope and dread. As we have already seen, Fijian custom made it necessary for a number of wives to be strangled at the death of a great man. Mr. Calvert was very anxious for this custom to be broken through, and knew that much would be done in this direction if only they could persuade Thakombau to refrain from carrying it out on this important occasion. Hearing that the end was near, Mr. Calvert crossed to Bau, with his colleague Mr. Watsford, to see the mighty chief on the subject. Large offerings of whales' teeth were promised as redemption for the women, and Mr. Calvert even went so far as to offer to have his own finger cut off (Fijian mourning) if only the lives of the women might be spared.

At the request of Mr. Calvert, the Commanders of H.M. ships of war on the station had entreated the king to avoid this abominable custom when his father should pass away. And the Commanders of ships of war from the United States and Australia had also joined heartily in this request. So that every possible precaution had been taken beforehand.

But all was to no purpose: Tanoa had given special injunction that his wives should in no case fail to accompany him to the spirit world, and his son seemed determined to see it carried out.

While Mr. Calvert was away at Ovalau, the old king breathed his last. Mr. Watsford hastened to Bau, where he found that the work of death had begun within the house. The third victim had been called for, when Thakombau caught sight of the missionary, and trembling with fear, looked at him in agony, and cried out, "What about it, Mr. Watsford?" Mr. Watsford, with great difficulty, answered, "Refrain, sir! That is plenty; two are dead. Refrain! I love them!" The chief replied, "We also love them. They are not many—only five. But for you missionaries many more would have been strangled."

Just then their third victim approached. She had sat impatiently, and soon responded to her name. Looking proudly round on the people seated in the apartment, she pranced up to the place of death, offering her hand to Mr. Watsford, who shrank back in disgust. When about to kneel she saw that they were going to use a shabby cord, and haughtily refused to be strangled except with a new cord. All this time the assembly gazed at her with delight, gently clapping their hands, and expressing, in subdued exclamations, their admiration of her beauty and pride. She then bade her relatives farewell, and knelt down with her arms round one of her friends. The cord was adjusted, and the large covering thrown over her, and while the men strained the cord this lady of rank pressed down her head, and she died without sound or struggle.

Two more followed.

Throughout the terrible scene there was no noise or excitement, but a cheerful composure seemed to possess every native there except Thakombau, who was much excited, and evidently found it difficult to act his murderous part before the face of God's messenger. He ordered that one of the victims should live, but she refused, and her own son helped the king and the rest to strangle her. Mr. Watsford, by a painful effort, stayed to the last, protesting against the heartless butchery which he and Mr. Calvert had so long striven to prevent.

Afterwards Mr. Calvert had a Bau chief, named Koroi Mbambakolo, staying at Viwa under his medical care. He died. Mr. Calvert followed his remains to Bau, and entreated Thakombau kindly to spare Bongi-thiwa, the wife of this chief. The king said the missionary was to go to the chief's tribe, the Vusarandavis, and request her life from them. Mr. Calvert said he had been to them, and they had refused to grant his request ; but an order from him—the king—would spare a fine healthy woman, to live and do good work for years. The woman had gone to be bathed, oiled, and dressed for death. A messenger was sent off in haste, who reached the house just as the strangling cord had been prepared. "The king has sent me, at Mr. Calvert's request, to order you to spare the life of Bongi-thiwa," he said. The holder of the strangling cord was enraged, and threw it down, saying, "Then I suppose we are to die like nobody now?" "The sooner the better, if having poor women strangled be dying like somebody!" This was the first victory and triumph Mr. Calvert had gained over this abomination in the city of Bau itself! and that by

MR. WATSFORD INTERCEDING FOR TANOA'S WIVES.

order of the king, too! The success gave him heart and hope for the future. Whenever he met the woman afterwards she smiled upon him in gratitude for her rescue. And one of the many comforts afforded to Mr. Calvert on his last visit to Fiji was to meet with this woman, still living and vigorous, more than thirty years after the imminent peril which had threatened her life.

An instance of the success which blessed the labours of the missionaries on another and later occasion is seen in the peace which was effected between Na Sau and Ndama. A war, bitter and cruel, broke out between these chiefs, and the missionary, the Rev. T. Williams, had at great personal peril gone to make a reconciliation between the combatants. To this end he effected a meeting of the chiefs, which he describes thus:—

"I felt that the peace of the district depended on this interview, and prayed that no untoward event might occur to prevent or mar the good result I anticipated from the meeting. Knowing that if either party detected in the dark speaking eyes of the other anger or scorn, I might witness a scene of bloodshed instead of peace, I watched with deep anxiety the attitude of the Na Sau chief as he entered the flat space. He gently inclined the upper part of his body, clasped his hands, and approached Tui Bua, who was one of the party, with respect. My heart thrilled with joy as I looked on him. I felt sure he was sincere, nor was I kept long in suspense as to the reception Tui Bua would give him. The old chief fixed his piercing eye on him a moment, and he next sprung on his feet to meet him. He

appeared to endure the kissing of his hand by the chief of Na Sau, and withdrawing it from his lips, cast his arms about the neck of his late enemy, and cordially embraced him. My own feelings at this moment were unutterable, and the loud cries of joy from several of the attendants showed that I did not feel alone. The Tiliva chief (a Christian) was so affected that he cried out, 'We thank Thee, O Lord, for thus bringing Thy creatures into the way of life,' and long and loudly did he weep for gladness."

At the conclusion of this peacemaking Mr. Williams called upon one of his Christian Fijian teachers, named Ra Hezekiah, to address the assembly; and this he did in words which will well bear repeating, coming, as they did, from the mouth of one so recently a heathen. He began by saying—

"This is a good day; we have long prayed that we might see this day; now we see it, and are glad. To-day we see the great power of God. Man could not do what we see to-day. We Fijians are a perverse people; we are Fijians, and we know that, of all crooked, obstinate things, the mind of a Fijian is most crooked and most obstinate. If we have an enemy, we do not like to be one with him; we do not wish to be reconciled to him. If some chief of great power had this day come to unite us he could not have done so; certainly not—certainly not—certainly not. If some great chief of Britain had come amongst us to-day, to dissuade us from war and make us one, he could not have done so. The Fijian mind defies the power of man. But what do we see to-day? We see those who the other day were full of bad feeling towards each other, and

shooting at each other, sitting together in peace; hatred is taken away, and we who so lately had each different views are now united, and our minds are as the mind of one man.

"Ask no more, 'What can the Lotu do?' after what our eyes see this day. The Lotu is of God, and whatever we now see is the work of God. He alone is almighty. In this age we see also that God is love. He has showed His love to us by giving us His book, to tell us of the Saviour, and to teach us the way to serve God. And to help us to understand what we read, He has sent His minister to our land. Great is the love of God. We Fijians are born in darkness and error; we are reared in error; it is our nature to err; so that it is important that we have those amongst us who can direct us. A father who loves his children tells them what they ought not to do, and he tells them what they ought to do. Mr. Williams is a father to us. If we take a step without advice, it is a wrong step; but if it is approved by him we are no more double-minded, but go fearlessly on, and we find that we are doing what is right; but our own plans lead us wrong, and the end of them is pain and trouble. Great is our joy at this our meeting. You, our friends of Ndama and Na Sau, have come into a good way. Never go from it. Grasp firmly what you have now taken hold of; the end thereof is life —life now, and life for ever."

Many were the subsequent journeys the missionaries made to Bau to try and prevent acts of bloodshed and cruelty; but while still prosperous, Thakombau continued to turn a deaf ear to their

instructions, promising to consider the claims of religion when he had subdued all his enemies. Wars followed, in which the proud king was gradually humbled; reverse followed reverse, until his very life was in danger of being taken, plots having been formed by the resident white population at Ovalau to kill Thakombau and invest his power in Mara, one of his rebellious chiefs, and the King of Levuka, whom they meant should rule as these white traders wished when the scheme was accomplished. At this critical state of affairs Thakombau was afflicted with a painful disease, and Mr. Calvert, faithful to the opportunity, tried to show that God was thus dealing with him in order to bring him to submission. While he still hesitated, a letter arrived from King George of Tonga, warning him of further danger, and urging him not to delay, but to accept Christianity at once. This advice was most opportune, and in a few days he made up his mind to renounce heathenism.

KING GEORGE OF TONGA.

It was arranged that Mr. Calvert and Mr. Water-

house, the missionary then resident at Bau, should conduct a service on April 30th, 1854, in the great Strangers' House. The chief ordered that the big death-drums, which only ten days previously had been beaten to call the people to the temples for a cannibal feast, should be sounded as a signal for assembling to worship the true God. More than three hundred had responded to the call, when the Vu ni Valu (Root of War) entered, in company with his many wives, children, and relatives, and knelt in adoration of the Christians' God. We can scarcely imagine the joy of the faithful missionaries as they took part in this service. One of the most important days in the history of Fiji, the day for which they had toiled, and hoped, and prayed, had arrived at last. They had gone forth weeping, bearing the precious seed, and now they were permitted to return with joy, bringing their sheaves with them.

Thakombau showed his sincerity by afterwards insisting upon the Sabbath being strictly kept, and he was also diligent in his attendance at the preaching-services and prayer-meetings. His desire to learn to read became very strong, and as his little boy of seven had already acquired that art, he at once became teacher to his parent; who, however, taxed his powers of endurance to such an extent that he would sometimes fall asleep in the midst of the lesson, which was resumed after he had been invigorated by a nap. But to commence to learn to read at the age of fifty was no light task; and although much perseverance was displayed on the part of both teachers and scholar alike, poor Thakombau did not accomplish much. Strange to say, the king was never heard to speak in English. When

asked on one occasion to explain this fact, he simply said, "I have heard Englishmen speak Fijian, and

THAKOMBAU LEARNING TO READ.

that is quite sufficient!" The year 1857 was marked by the baptism of Thakombau. During the interval

which had elapsed between his profession of Christianity and this date, he had been under careful training and instruction, and now he gave satisfactory evidence that he was thoroughly in earnest. This was further evidenced by the fact of his being willing to dismiss his many wives, thereby sacrificing great wealth and influence. He was publicly married to his principal wife, the mother of several children, Andi Lydia Samanunu.

The baptismal scene is thus described by Mr. Waterhouse: "In the afternoon the king was publicly baptized. In the presence of God he promised to 'renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.' He engaged to believe all the articles of the Christian faith, and solemnly vowed, in the name of the Holy Trinity, 'to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of his life.' In accordance with my request, previously conveyed, the king then addressed the assembly. It must have cost him many a struggle to stand up before his court, his ambassadors, and the flower of his people, to confess his former sins."

In the past he had considered himself a god, and had received honours almost divine from his people; now he humbled himself, and adored his great Creator and merciful Protector. 'And what a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonoured! widows whose husbands he had slain! sisters whose relatives had been strangled by his orders! relatives whose friends he had eaten! and children the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers!

A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombau gave utterance to the following sentiments: "I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said to them, 'I will continue to fight.' God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation; but now I know that it was the Lord's doing. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world!" He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence.

The king chose the name of Ebenezer, as an expression of acknowledgment of the help of God vouchsafed to him from the hands of his enemies. The queen was baptized in the name of Lydia. She was neatly attired in an appropriate dress and mantle furnished by the kindness of some ladies in Adelaide, South Australia.

From this time the king took no retrograde step. All his energy and resolution were bent upon the good of his people; and the Rev. J. Nettleton, who for seven years was his chaplain, says he never met with a more devoted, earnest, and consistent Christian.

Thakombau's troubles did not end with his renunciation of heathenism. He sent messengers to the King of Rewa desiring to make peace, but received answer that he should not be at peace till he had killed and eaten the King of Bau. This insult did not move Thakombau to anger or revenge. He expressed his confidence in God's power to deliver him, and showed his forgiving spirit by sparing the life of a spy, who was taken in the act of trying

to get one of the Bauan towns to rebel against its king.

Mr. Calvert's duties frequently took him to Ovalau, where Thakombau had many enemies; and his avowed friendship to that chief made him the object of much suspicion, and sometimes endangered his life. One of these adventures he graphically describes in a letter to the General Missionary Secretaries, dated Viwa, July 26th, 1854:—

"We are still surrounded by war, which approaches nearer to us. The end, I judge, draws near. It is remarkable that all parties think about religion, and desire to have missionaries or teachers. The great enemy is manifestly much dissatisfied with the state of light and feeling, and is bent upon destroying what he cannot much longer peaceably enjoy. I have had much sailing during the year. On the 27th of May I went to Levuka (chief town on Ovalau) in my boat, to meet an American captain, who had brought us some timber and goods, and in order that I might take the services in native and English on the following day. On my arrival, the mountaineers who effected Elijah Verani's death wished to kill two of my boat's crew.

"*June 1st.* The Levuka chief wished me not to sail till after the Moturiki fight, which took place on the 31st. This was an aggressive movement from Ovalau against an island belonging to Bau. One Levukan fell; several were wounded. One Bau man was killed and brought to Levuka. In the morning Tui Levuka and a chief of Bau, who is on his side, came for me, that we might go and bury him. I went and begged two mats, in which he was wrapped. The body had been anchored in the water

all night. The fishes had eaten his head and neck, and all the flesh off his left leg and foot. The Levukan was also buried at Moturiki. In this respect a great change has come over the place.

"*6th.* In going to Viwa I desired to call at Moturiki, which I had also attempted to do the last time I passed on to Viwa. Besides wishing to speak with them about Christianity, I now desired to warn them of danger near, Tui Levuka having told me that Moturiki would certainly be destroyed, as the mountaineers would go by night. We found that the tide did not serve well for landing; we therefore proceeded towards the entrance leading to Viwa. One of my boat's crew observed a man on the Moturiki beach beckoning for us, and told me. I desired one of my Rotumans to go on shore, as it was a long distance for me to wade. He got in the water, and was proceeding towards the shore, when he observed several persons come out from among the cocoa-nut trees. He was afraid, and said, 'They are from Lovoni, and will kill me.' I requested him to come into the boat. The man continued to call. He was dressed, which led me to think that he was a man from Bau who had 'Lotued.' I did not like to let the opportunity pass, and immediately got on my old water-shoes. I did not believe them to be Lovonians, but said to the crew that should I be killed they were to return to Levuka, so that Tui Levuka might get my body. As I proceeded towards the shore many more persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me in two directions. As they neared me they looked very fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil intentions towards me. I could not get to the boat; I therefore

MR. CALVERT IN PERIL.

went on towards the shore. One was swifter than the rest, and came near, with his gun uplifted, to strike me. I expostulated with him. Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me, some with hatchets, some with spears laid on in a position to throw. One came very near, with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled, but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me; that in me there was no cause of death from them; that their killing me would be greatly to their disgrace. I was surrounded by upwards of a hundred. The features of one I recognized, and hoped he was friendly. He took hold of me, recognizing me as the husband of the lady of the wooden house at Viwa, who had frequently purchased food of them, and treated them kindly, and he said I should live. I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me; but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged them not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told my name, my work, my labours in various ways, again and again, on their behalf; my having offered Tui Levuka a very large looking-glass if he would let them alone, my having entreated Mara and the mountaineers not to attack them, and my preventing an intended attack.

"Matters were in a hopeful state, when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour. He appeared resolutely determined, in spite of opposition, to take

away my life. He was extremely ferocious, but his arms were seized and held by several. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear on me, which indeed he once or twice managed, but it was warded off before he could fire. At length his rage subsided. All then consented to my living. But their thirst for killing had got up, and as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives. I refused to go, and persisted in walking towards the shore, led by two. One untied my neckcloth and took it. They pulled my coat, felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. My trousers were wet and heavy. I was weak with talking and disputing with them, indeed quite hoarse. As we still went on in the sea, they commenced their death-song, always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that this might increase their rage, and desired to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood still, and entreated them to desist. After a short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me departed towards their own town.

"I found Ratu Vuki, a chief of Bau, had just arrived. He was vexed with those who had treated me so, and would have punished them. I begged he would not. I desired him to send me to Viwa in a canoe, as I was sure Mrs. Calvert would be anxious. My boys had seen the danger to which I was exposed. They also were pursued by the natives, and hastened to Viwa. Mrs. Calvert felt much alarmed at the intelligence, but feared to send the boat to inquire, lest my death might be

followed by the killing of those she might send. She also hoped that I was alive, thinking that the Moturiki people would not kill me. Ratu Luki Matanambamba was very kind and very ready to go, though it was thought that my death might be the means of *vukivuki* (turning) Moturiki to Ovalau against Bau, in which case those who went would have been in danger. At midnight I reached Viwa in the canoe, and found that my wife had borne up well, but had just given her consent to the going to look after me.

"During the whole of the attack on me the Lord blessed me with great presence of mind and considerable firmness, to stand up, proceed, dispute with them, and protest against their taking my life. My trust was in the Lord. He was my help and Deliverer. It appeared to me very probable that my course and my ministry were about to be ended, yet I was comforted in the assurance that

> 'They could not yet my life devour,
> Safe in the hollow of His hand.'

"While looking at the instruments of death, which were held over me and levelled at me, I felt that my life was still in His hands, and could only be taken by His permission. My prayer was to the God of my life. I thought that the natives might be thereby led to deep consideration of the folly and evil of war, and be led to terms of peace. I gave myself afresh to the Lord, feeling willing and desirous to glorify Him whether by life or death. I thought of my family, and committed my children in England, New Zealand, and Fiji, and my much loved and faithful wife, to the Lord, in

whom she trusted. I thought of the mangled body of the murdered Williams, and thought of my own, likely to be mangled and abused to the same extent; but I felt confident that I should not be eaten, even in cannibal Fiji, which was some relief to my mind. And then I felt very thankful to Him who had preserved me to labour more than fifteen years, in which I had been employed in rough and dangerous work. It seemed to me an appropriate end to my labour in Fiji. But how gracious, how wise, how powerful my Deliverer! Again I am rescued, and privileged with restoration to my family and labours."

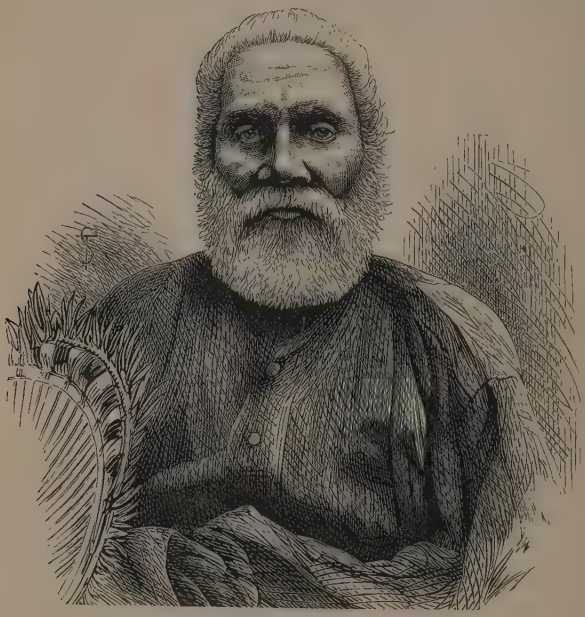
God overruled this dangerous encounter for the furtherance of His kingdom, for after a time Mr. Calvert visited Ndravuni and Koroi Rokoseru, places whence the people who clamoured for his life had come, and in acknowledgment of their having spared him, he took presents which greatly pleased them. Thus a friendly feeling was established which paved the way for a native teacher to settle there; and a few months later, when Bau would have been vanquished by its enemies, this friendly relationship with Viwa led Ndravuni and Koroi Rokoseru to remain firm to their allegiance to Bau, and thus much bloodshed and destruction were prevented. Thwarted at this point, the enemy tried to attack Bau from another, and Thakombau's life was in great danger, not only from these enemies, but from some of his own chiefs, who had suffered wrongs at his hands in days gone by, and who now hailed with delight the opportunity to avenge them. Many of these conspiracies were quelled by the influence, wisdom, and tact of the missionary.

On one occasion Mr. Calvert was suddenly summoned to Bau, and found that the king and also the mission premises were in imminent peril from a chief named Koli, who had been bribed by the King of Rewa and others to rebel and assassinate Thakombau. Returning to Viwa, the missionary found this chief waiting to see him. When taxed with the crime of being employed on this business, Koli assured Mr. Calvert that he meant no harm. However, the missionary was too well acquainted with Fijian duplicity to believe it, and let him know that such was the case, trying at the same time to show him the sin of causing bloodshed and strife, which might eventually end in his own destruction. Besides this, the argument was backed up by a promised present of twelve dozen hatchets and ten wedge-axes if he would withdraw from his compact with Thakombau's enemies. "This present," said Mr. Calvert, "is a bird in the hand, a heavy one; whereas many of the canoes promised by the enemy are yet living in the forest; and besides, your personal danger is considerable." This interview was owned and blessed by God, for Koli went home, and forthwith dismissed his men.

While avoiding war as much as possible, the Bau people did not give in to the enemy, who after a time began to think that it might be the Christian's God who was preserving them in so many trying vicissitudes. Just when things seemed at their worst deliverance came. Early in 1855 the King of Rewa died very suddenly, and again Thakombau made overtures of peace, which were ultimately ratified and settled on board H.M.S. *Herald*, lying off Ovalau. Here Thakombau, Mara, and Tui Levuka

met, and the peace was confirmed, the King of Bau reproving the others for their folly in trying to keep up war, and advising them to look to the well-being of their people.

Peace having been established, the missionary was



KING THAKOMBAU.

able to see much fruit of his labour in this district, prior to his departure for England after seventeen years' sojourn in Fiji. This took place in November, 1855.

Thakombau lived a consistent Christian life for many years, and his last act as king was to cede Fiji to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in

October, 1874. On this occasion he desired his Prime Minister, Mr. Thurston (now Sir John B. Thurston, Governor of Fiji, and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific), to present his war-club to Queen Victoria. Mr. Thurston interpreted the king's words as follows :—

"Your Excellency,—Before finally ceding his country to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, the king desires, through your Excellency, to give Her Majesty the only thing he possesses that may interest her. The king gives Her Majesty his old and favourite war-club, the former, and until lately the only known law of Fiji.

"In abandoning club law, and adopting the forms and principles of civilized society, he laid by his old weapon, and covered it with the emblems of peace. Many of his people, whole tribes, died and passed away under the old law, but hundreds of thousands will survive to learn and enjoy the newer and better state of things.

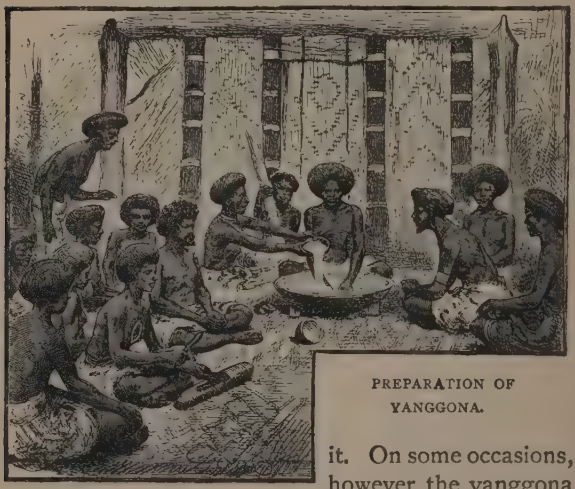
The king adds only a few words. With this emblem of the past he sends his love to Her Majesty, saying that he fully confides in her and in her children, who, succeeding, shall become Kings of Fiji, to exercise a watchful control over the welfare of his children and people, and who, having survived the barbaric law and age, are now submitting themselves, under Her Majesty's rule, to civilization."

Thakombau's magnificent club and yanggona bowl were graciously received by the Queen, and have since been placed in the British Museum.

The drinking of *yanggona*, which is the native grog, takes place on all important occasions, and forms a very interesting ceremony. Those who are to take

part in it sit round on mats. A large wooden bowl with four legs is then brought in, and placed in the centre of the company. It is often beautifully carved and polished, and has a bloom on it like that on a grape.

The yanggona root is next brought in, and after being scraped and cleaned, is cut in small pieces, and handed round to the young men appointed to chew



PREPARATION OF YANGGONA.

it. On some occasions, however, the yanggona root is prepared by grating instead of chewing, which certainly seems preferable to us, but connoisseurs tell us that the flavour is not nearly so good as when it has gone through the chewing process.

While the preparation is going on the rest of the company solemnly clap their hands and sing their quaint wild choruses. When the chewing process is complete, each deposits his lump of finely chewed

fibre in the yanggona bowl, and it is passed to the chief for inspection. If he approves of it, he replies in a low tone, "Loba" ("Mix it"). Water is then gradually poured on, after which the fibre is wrung out through a piece of hibiscus fibre, which is a kind of fine netting. It is now ready for use, and is first handed to the chief, after which all the others drink in order of precedence, with evident satisfaction.

The fluid produced by chewing and wringing the yanggona root is of a yellowish colour, and is said to taste like rhubarb and magnesia, flavoured with sal-volatile, and has much the same effect as this latter drug. It is said to be so pleasantly stimulating that even white settlers drink it habitually. When taken in excess it paralyses the muscles, and leaves the inebriate lying helplessly on the ground, yet perfectly conscious of all that is passing on around him.

Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, the first Governor of Fiji, made it law that toasts should be drunk in this beverage on all public occasions, and this was the means, to some extent, of checking the evils of intemperance among the natives. Consequently we find that our own English princes, when in Fiji, were disposed to conform to native etiquette, and observe this ceremony.

It was arranged that Thakombau should receive a pension of £1,500, and a present of £1,000 to buy a much-coveted little vessel for his own use; and that in the event of his death, his queen, Andi Lydia, should receive £1,000 a year for her life. She passed away, however, in perfect peace, in 1881, to the sincere grief of her royal consort. Thakombau's

last days were his best. Peace being established, he gave himself up to work for God in the Church and for the good of his people. His death took place in February, 1883, and resulted from the rupture of an abscess.

Speaking of his religious life, the *Fiji Times* says, "The Wesleyan Church loses in him one of its most distinguished members. His influence on the side of Christianity, and of good in general, has been greater than that of any chief, or combination of chiefs, throughout the islands. Since his conversion and baptism he has led a worthy life; and eminent before for tyranny, licentiousness, and disregard of human life, he has since been free from reproach, chaste in conduct, and considerate of the people. Thakombau saw his kingdom gathered into one compact whole. There is little doubt that but for his assistance the work of reconciling the natives to English supremacy would have been more difficult and prolonged."

This testimony, from a secular source, shows how real and lasting was this man's conversion to God. For three months after his death his body lay in state, and was visited by large numbers of people, European as well as Fijian. At his burial several old Fijian customs were observed. A great funeral feast was prepared, and the house in which he died was torn down and cast into the sea; while his large double canoe was drawn up on the beach, never to be used again.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SUBSEQUENT LABOURS.

"Summoned my labours to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

"End of my every action Thou,
In all things Thee I see:
Accept my hallowed labour now;
I do it unto Thee."

EARLY in the spring of 1856 Mr. and Mrs. Calvert arrived in England, having stayed some months in Sydney so as to avoid the English winter. Their two eldest children came with them. Three younger ones were left in the colony in order to prepare them for further change of climate, or to await the return of their parents. This visit to their native land was not for recreation and rest alone; the needs of Fiji were too pressing for that, and its interests too deeply engraven upon the hearts of these devoted missionaries for them to cease to toil in its behalf. The translation of the whole Bible was now complete, and it had been arranged that Mr. Calvert should return to England, so that he might revise this edition and see it through the press.

When Mr. Cross and Mr. Cargill first settled in Fiji there was no written language of the people. Before leaving Tonga, however, they had arranged an alphabet with the aid of a Fijian teacher who was to accompany them to Fiji. Their knowledge of Tongan was also a great help in this work, as some slight similarity exists in all these Oceanic tongues. A "First Book" was also printed at the Tongan press, while a Catechism was left in the hands of the printer, to be forwarded afterwards.

When they arrived in Fiji as much time as possible was spent in the translation of the Scriptures, and, after a few months' labour, part of St. Matthew's Gospel was sent on to Tonga to be printed. As the work in Fiji extended, great need of more help in this direction was felt to be absolutely necessary, and application was made to England for a printing-press, as well as for more missionaries.

The press was sent out in 1838, with the mission party of which Mr. Calvert formed one, who, as we have already seen, possessed a thorough knowledge of printing and bookbinding. By the time the press was in working order, Messrs. Cross and Cargill had translated the first Wesleyan Catechism and the Gospel of St. Mark, so that no time was lost in printing them.

The Fijians, as may be supposed, marvelled much at the working of this wonderful machine. The heathen at once declared it to be a god, and certainly its power was infinitely beyond that of the gods they worshipped, and the influence of its productions was a mighty adjunct to the prayerful toil of the missionary, assisting him in delivering

the inhabitants of these beautiful islands from the gloom of sin and ignorance which so terribly enshrouded them.

Mr. Cargill, who had now acquired a good knowledge of the Fijian language, was chiefly engaged in translating, while Mr. Calvert and Mr. Jaggar worked the press, at the same time learning all they could of the new tongue from intercourse with the natives, and supplementing this with the instruction they could get from Mr. Cargill. Soon a Vocabulary and Grammar in the Lakemban dialect were ready for use among the new missionaries, which proved a great help to them.

In July, 1839, the printing-press was removed to Rewa, and Mr. Calvert was left alone at Lakemba, with that large circuit under his care. At Rewa printing was vigorously carried on, being greatly assisted by a grant of fifty reams of paper from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Considerable difficulty now presented itself to the missionaries in their translating work, arising from the numerous dialects spoken by the people on the various islands. In some cases these differences were small, in others of much more importance. At first it was decided that each missionary should translate the New Testament into the several dialects spoken by the people among whom they laboured. After a time, however, this was seen to be a very difficult process, seeing that twelve distinct versions of the Bible would thus be required. Hence it was agreed that in future all translations should be made in the dialect of Bau. This was selected for two reasons—first, because this was the purest dialect spoken; secondly, because Bau was

a very important place, and likely to become more so, and consequently its language would be most widely known.

In 1844 the printing plant had to be removed from Rewa to Viwa, on account of a war which threatened its destruction by fire, and for a time it was unused. Work was urgently needed, and Mr. Hunt generously gave up a substantial stone house which he had built at the cost of much labour, and there the work was again commenced with great energy. Mr. Hunt now devoted a great deal of his time to translating the Scriptures. Thus in 1847 a complete and well-bound New Testament was ready to be put into the hand of each missionary at their annual meeting, and a copy was also sent to the British and Foreign Bible Society, together with a request for further help. This Society voted £300 towards the expense of printing the first edition, which greatly helped the work, and a thousand copies were struck off forthwith. Mr. Hunt then set to work upon the translation of the Old Testament. Genesis, Exodus, and part of the Psalms were completed when his labours ended and he was called to his rest. The Bible Society now offered to print an edition of three thousand copies of the New Testament ; and as Mrs. Hunt had returned to England, her knowledge of the Fijian language was turned to account in assisting to correct this edition as it passed through the press.

The thousand copies printed in Fiji were all distributed ; and as it would be some time before the English edition would be ready, and the demand was so urgent, it was felt necessary to at once start printing another edition in Fiji. Mr. Calvert was

the only missionary left there who understood printing, and he was removed from Lakemba to Viwa. But just when most needed, God raised up a most efficient helper in the person of a young Frenchman named Edward Martin. This young man was on board an American vessel, which was wrecked in a hurricane among the Fiji Islands. He was of Protestant parentage, but strongly opposed to all Christian doctrine. After the wreck he went to reside among some white men at Vanua Levu, and while there witnessed the death of an old English blacksmith, who had lived a very wicked life. This man's last hours were most distressing, and his mental anguish and terror convinced the young Frenchman of his own need of preparation for a future state. Shortly afterwards he came to Viwa, where he desired to remain. He did so, and there learned the way of salvation through Christ, and became a very decided Christian. Being without employment Mr. Calvert made use of him in the printing-office, teaching him to fold printed sheets, and also to stitch and bind books. He soon showed such singular intelligence and aptness for the work that he speedily learnt composing and presswork, and ultimately became a most efficient bookbinder and printer. His kind manner with the natives gave him great influence among them, so that he was always able to obtain their help in his work. Mr. Martin afterwards became an evangelist, and also a great help in the schools. He subsequently married and settled in Fiji, and devoted himself entirely to the mission cause, no toil being too arduous or danger too great for him to undertake or encounter in furthering its interests. Thus the

demand for New Testaments was met through his efforts before the arrival of the Bible Society's edition. Mr. Martin worked off three thousand copies, as well as three thousand portions of the Scriptures. The translation of the Old Testament was carried on and completed, after Mr. Hunt's death, by the Rev. David Hazlewood. He was well fitted for the work ; but, like Mr. Hunt, his health failed shortly after he had completed his translation, and he had to remove to New South Wales. There, after revising his edition, he died, finishing his course at an early age ; but the blessing to Fiji through his earnest labours still follows him, and will continue to do so as long as Fiji remains.

This manuscript of Mr. Hazlewood's translation Mr. Calvert brought with him to England, and he settled at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, that he might be near the Rev. T. W. Meller, who was to superintend the printing of it for the British and Foreign Bible Society, they having undertaken this work.

At Woodbridge Mrs. Calvert was soon as diligently at work among the poor and afflicted as she had been in Fiji. Her happiness seemed complete, for she had now all her children around her, a pleasure she had never enjoyed abroad. Soon, however, an unwelcome rest was imposed upon her, occasioned by a compound fracture of the knee-cap. During this affliction she was attended by a doctor who was in very delicate health, and yet had not experienced that change of heart which alone could fit him for heaven. The quiet, unobtrusive piety displayed by his patient made a deep impression upon him, and led him, though unknown to her, to seek the Saviour whose presence was the source of her constant joy. Shortly before

his death he wrote and told Mr. Calvert how great a blessing Mrs. Calvert's example had been to him.

While Mr. Calvert was still engaged in his revision work, circumstances arose which made it a duty for Mr. and Mrs. Calvert to return to Fiji. One of the ablest men in the field there had died, and five young missionaries, with their wives, were about to embark. Perhaps the greatest sacrifice of Mr. and Mrs. Calvert's life took place when they consented to join this party. One by one their children had been separated from them during their former stay in Fiji, to be educated either in Australia or in England. When the question of going was being discussed in the home at Woodbridge, it was the courageous mother who first dared to face the anguish that was coming close upon them as she solemnly said, "We must go back to Fiji." But this decision meant going alone, for all the children must be left behind. What it cost these loving parents God only knows; but feeling the call to be from Him, they bravely resigned those who were dearer to them than their own lives, and again set out to do His work.

Arriving at Fiji, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert settled at Levuka, on the island of Ovalau, where they found their work among the white population as well as the natives. This town consists only of a very narrow strip of land on the edge of the sea, backed by steep hills which reach over two thousand feet high. There were no good roads, so that all travelling inland had to be done on foot, over paths of the roughest description. The spread of Christianity had made it possible for white traders to settle in Fiji; and as Levuka possesses a splendid natural

harbour, it soon became a centre for commerce. Here, in the lagoon of calm water which surrounds the island, vessels of all sizes can pass to and fro in perfect safety, out of the reach of the angry waves which dash with tremendous fury on the other side of the reef. Large vessels which traffic between Germany and these islands, smaller schooners from Australia and New Zealand, as well as numberless canoes, which, in many cases, can pass within shelter of the lagoon from

VIEW OF

one island to another, delight the eye as they move before the breeze in the golden sunshine.

In this new field Mrs. Calvert set to work with the same earnest devotion that had characterized all her previous career. The mission-house became the resort of all classes; naval officers from France and America, as well as from England, scientific travellers and others, came within reach of its hospitality, and were influenced for good. "She made me think of my mother, and her kind words and good cup of tea brought back home to me," said a rough sailor, with tears in his eyes.

The young missionaries and their wives who came out with Mr. and Mrs. Calvert were the subjects of her tender care. In her they found a helpful sympathizer in all their troubles, especially in times of sickness, when Mrs. Calvert would undertake long journeys, often in an open boat, in order to minister to their necessities. Among the native and white population she carried on her mission of mercy, both in teaching and in nursing the sick, an art in

MODERN LEVUKA.

which Mrs. Calvert excelled, and in which she instructed the natives, who, to-day, are alleviating pain and suffering by the simple remedies she taught them to use.

Some time after Mr. and Mrs. Calvert had left Fiji, when a meeting was being held in connection with the establishment of a hospital at Levuka, and a suitable matron was to be chosen, a Roman Catholic priest said, "We want such a lady as Mrs. Calvert. When she visited my people she did not ask, 'Are you Catholic?' 'Are you heathen?' 'Are you Wesleyan?' but 'Are you sick?' and 'What can I do for you?'"

What a contrast Fiji now presented to the time when Mr. Calvert first landed! Heathenism, with its cruel practices and cannibal customs, had wholly disappeared from many islands of the group, and Christian teachers could go to any part, not only sure of meeting with toleration, but with a welcome. Four hundred chapels had been built; there were eleven ordained native ministers, besides two hundred and fifty local preachers, and thirteen thousand Church members.

In 1865 Mr. Calvert again left Fiji, having fulfilled the special need for which he undertook the journey, and upon his arrival in England settled at Bromley, in Kent, as a supernumerary minister. Here many demands were made upon his time and energy. Besides preaching, his voice was frequently heard up and down the country, advocating the claims of missions or of the Bible Society; and he still rendered valuable service to Fiji by preparing books, school apparatus, and other requisites for the work.

Six years were spent in this way, when another great change came which led Mr. and Mrs. Calvert to place themselves at the disposal of the Missionary Society for foreign service. Special help was needed at the South African diamond-fields, and they consented to accept the appointment and serve there. Leaving England in October, 1872, they reached Bloemfontein just before Christmas; then followed a waggon journey to Kimberley, where they resided for two years. Here many grave difficulties had to be encountered, which made Mr. Calvert's former experiences in Church government invaluable, and enabled him to leave the Church in a state of order and prosperity.

Subsequent scenes of labour in Africa were Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal, and at Pietermaritzburg and Durban, in Natal, and afterwards at Kimberley again.

Mrs. Calvert's health had been showing signs of decay for some time, and none of the many changes of climate and scene which she had experienced of late, did her any permanent good; it was now so serious as to lead them to decide upon a speedy return to England. Before this took place Mr. Calvert's friends in South Africa presented him with a very practical acknowledgment of his work among them. The natives raised £33, and the white folk two hundred and fifty guineas, which they presented to Mr. Calvert with an address, in token of their gratitude for the services he had rendered them.

Early in 1881 Mr. and Mrs. Calvert left Africa for England, and settled at Torquay. At first Mrs. Calvert's health seemed benefited by the change to her native land, but the good effect was very transitory, and gradually her strength declined, and the worst fears were entertained. Through her last illness she exhibited the same cheerful fortitude which had characterized all her former sufferings and privations.

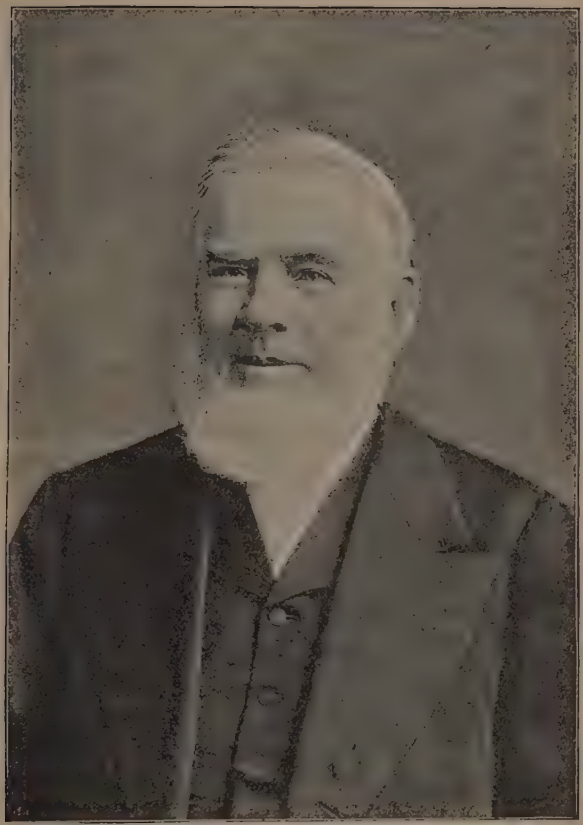
Early in the January following the summons came, when, with the words, "Precious Jesus, take me to Thyself," upon her lips, she passed to her reward in the skies.

In the succeeding May, when the Wesleyan Missionary Society were making a special effort to clear off a debt which had been contracted, Mr. Calvert, with his usual devotion to missions, laid the whole of the sum presented to him before leaving Africa at the disposal of the committee, in memory of his beloved wife.

In 1885 the Jubilee of Christianity was to be celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert had now reached the age of seventy-two, but he was still hale, showing no sign of decay from the many changes, frequent suffering, and exacting toils to which his long missionary career had subjected him. His love for

*From Photo. by]* MARY CALVERT. *[T. C. Turner.*

Fiji had not diminished with advancing years; his warmest affections were there, and he became possessed with an ardent longing to see his beloved people again, and take part with them in rejoicing over the triumphs of the Gospel during these fifty years. Accordingly, in 1886 the ever active and veteran toiler set out alone on a voyage round the world, and spent forty happy days in Fiji, where he took



*From Photo. by T. C. Turner.*]

I am very truly yours.

James Calvert.

a prominent part in many services, being glad to witness the progress made in every branch of mission work, and the general prosperity and stability of the people in spiritual matters.

Referring to this visit, Mr. Calvert remarks—

"The latest statistics to hand show extraordinary results of Christian work; and it is remarkable that where there was not a single Christian in Fiji in 1835, when the mission commenced, in 1885, when the Jubilee was celebrated, there was not an avowed heathen left in all the large group of eighty inhabited islands. The returns show that in 1885 there were 1,322 churches and other preaching-places, 10 white missionaries, 65 native ministers, 41 catechists, 1,016 head teachers and preachers, 1889 local-preachers 28,147 fully accredited Church members, 4,112 on trial for Church membership, 3,206 class-leaders, 3,069 catechumens, 1,824 schools, 2,610 school teachers, 42,807 scholars, and 104,585 attendants on public worship, out of a population of 116,000.

"To-day cannibalism, widow-strangling, and infanticide are unheard-of cruelties. And the vitality of the work is proved by the fact that the oversight of all the Church in Fiji is undertaken by the Australian Wesleyan Conference, which supplies heartily devoted white missionaries, who work side by side with ordained native ministers and preachers. The Fijian Church is likewise continually sending native missionaries to other distant islands, to preach Christ in other tongues. This many of them do successfully, not counting their lives dear unto them that they may preach the Gospel."

We may also here insert Mr. Calvert's own account of his work in Fiji, as related by him

in a very interesting speech delivered in the City Road Wesleyan Chapel, at one of the Wesleyan Missionary Society's gatherings :—

"I am deeply grateful to Almighty God for having guided me to foreign mission service, and especially that He sent me to Fiji, and for the help, and blessing, and success He has granted to us.

"We had no night of toil. God was with us from the beginning, and all along, even to the present time, and He has ever confirmed His Word with signs following. Multitudes have been in the past—and, thank God, still are now—convinced of sin by the Word and Spirit of God. They bitterly repented of their misdoings and transgressions, sought mercy and forgiveness with all earnestness and perseverance; and when they were saved by grace, through faith in Jesus, many were remarkably clear in their enjoyment of the Divine favour, and rejoiced greatly in their Saviour and Lord. These converts were whole-hearted, and very true and faithful. Their thorough change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, was manifest to all. They became living epistles, read, and known, and felt by all who knew them. It is a grand thing anywhere to have persons pardoned, renewed, sanctified, made new creatures in Christ Jesus—old things passed away, and all things become new! This personal Christian experience told amazingly among the dark and simple-minded Fijians—and it tells everywhere—and many felt convinced that the religion of Christ was a real power and excellence, and greatly to be desired.

"And as soon as any were converted and gained spiritual life in their souls, they were very earnest in prayer and direct effort for the salvation of others.

Baptized with the Holy Spirit, they at once began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance. We had several extensive and blessed revivals, such as have been in many parts of the world since the Spirit was poured out on the day of Pentecost. These showers of blessing told much upon our work. And a grand work of God, exceeding the utmost hopes of the most sanguine, has been wrought upon that long-neglected and deeply degraded cannibal race. This work is so real, deep, abiding, and continued, that those who witness it cannot gainsay the good done, but cheerfully and heartily confess that God has really done great things. Miss Gordon-Cumming, a member of the Church of England, resided two years in Fiji, and thoroughly examined the work. She gives the strongest testimony in favour of mission work. And Baron de Hubner, a German scientist and Roman Catholic, who has been three times round the world with his eyes open, and very observant, said a marvellous change had been wrought, which no honest man could deny, and he reverently ascribed the blessed work on the hearts and lives of multitudes as the work of the Holy Spirit alone.

"The glorious Gospel of the blessed God, proclaimed in a straightforward and earnest way, has done its old work. The Spirit accompanied the truth with His convincing and saving power, and the results on a grand scale are extraordinary. Abominable and degrading superstitions are removed. Tens of thousands of saved Fijians are now with their Saviour, numbered with John Hunt, Richard Burdsall Lyth, Joele Bulu the Tongan, my good wife, and all God's saints in glory everlasting. Some of these bore well fierce persecutions, severe trials, the loss of all

things, and martyrdom. Now marriage is sacred, the Sabbath sacredly kept, family worship regularly conducted, schools everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual Churches formed and prosperous.

"The language has been reduced to written form, and made one, doing away with the plague of many dialects. An excellent grammar and dictionaries have been printed—one edition at the Mission Press in Fiji, and one in England. Two editions of the New Testament and part of the Old, with innumerable portions of the Scriptures, were also printed in Fiji. And 8,050 copies of the Bible in two editions and over 50,000 of the New Testament have been printed and bound by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and these have been supplied to, and purchased by, the converts. Immense numbers of Catechisms with Scripture proofs, a large edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and three editions of an invaluable system of Christian Theology, prepared by the eminent John Hunt, when his mind and heart were in their ripest condition, and his knowledge of the language was well matured, have been and are widely circulated, and very profitably used.

"From the beginning God gave just the right stamp of men, with the needed qualifications, to commence and carry on the work. A printer, doctor, teacher, builder, translator, a man specially qualified to prepare an admirable grammar and dictionaries—all hard-working men, who stuck to it all day long and every day wherever they were. It was more than their meat and drink to do the will of Him that sent them. They adapted themselves to the climate and to the utter degradation and abominations which prevailed

everywhere, and all cheerfully roughed it. The work from the beginning has been mainly done by native teachers and preachers, of whom there are now 2,958.

"After an absence of twenty-one years, I have just had the opportunity and privilege of a visit to the place where the best years of my life were spent. Commerce I found sadly depressed, and the manufacture of sugar not remunerative; and I was sorry to learn that, beyond the somewhat heavy taxes, the chiefs who occupy position under the English Government are still allowed to exact food, and money, and property from the people. But my heart was greatly gladdened by the excellent state of God's work throughout the group. I rejoiced to find that in one circuit 500 persons had during the year asked to be allowed to meet in class, desiring to flee from the wrath to come and gain salvation. New conversions were taking place, and God's work was deepened in the hearts of His people. Great steadfastness, earnestness, and constancy were manifest. The devoted chairman (Rev. F. Langham) and his excellent wife, who have been twenty-eight years hard at work, are likely to serve faithfully for years to come. In his circuit, in a population all told of 11,508 persons, 98½ per cent. attend our worship; and throughout Fiji 90 per cent. of all worship with us. So that Fiji is a nation of Methodists. I was greatly comforted by the excellent spirit and zeal of the young missionaries from the colonies who have entered into our labours, and are earnestly carrying on the work.

"I was glad that special attention is given to the education and training of native agents, on whom so much depends in this extensive work, considerable

numbers of whom are constantly required. Institutions for this important branch of our service are diligently worked by each missionary in every circuit, and also by the native ministers, and by some catechists in the sections of circuits of which they have charge. The most promising of these men, thus prepared for the work, so far as they can be spared, are sent for some years to the District Institution, over which is placed a missionary and a native minister who are best qualified for and adapted to this special service. There are 109 fine whole-hearted men of various ages, some of whom have wives, who are taught and trained for the work as teachers and preachers. I had the honour and enjoyment of giving prizes at the close of the session, and was pleased that some of the wives also gained prizes for good conduct, and for keeping their husbands, and families, and houses in good order. The Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, was present, and gave valuable counsel to the men and women. He was surprised and gratified, as he was also with the late Thakombau's magnificent chapel and our work at Bau ; and in his astonishment and rejoicing with us he exclaimed, 'And all this without accessories!' Mr. Langham helped the catholic-spirited Bishop on his way, taking him from Navuloa to Bau, and sending him to Ovalau, twenty-five miles, in the Mission boat, pulled by students. I voyaged with him from Fiji to Auckland. He wrote me from the scene of the eruption, and said he should rejoice, were he in England, to testify in Exeter Hall of what he had seen of our work on his visit. I heard with great satisfaction one of the students rightly divide the Word of truth, which he explained and applied. I was

pleased with the simple and cheap dresses of the students and their wives, and with their entire spirit and deportment. They are very true, and wholly devoted to Christ and His cause, ready to go forth and brave the terrible hardships and exposures of New Guinea, where some of them have perished in the work ; but others are baptized for the dead, and cheerfully ready to fill their places. There were also two foreign students from the island of Rotumah, three hundred miles to the north of Fiji. These men, by gaining a knowledge of the Fijian language, gain the great advantage of our Bible and all our other books.

"What has been wrought in Fiji is of the utmost intrinsic value on the behalf of every saved one, but the work there is extremely important as a specimen, and it affords hope and encouragement to pray, and work, and give for the salvation of the vast populations of all China, all India, all the Africas, Russia, and the whole world. Christ tasted death for every man ; for every man in the whole world—

> 'Christ has for all a ransom paid,
> For all a full atonement made.'

And 'to Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' 'He will put down all rule and all authority and power. For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet.'

"The one special need is power from on high, and this we may have in its fulness and richness. We live in the last time, in the glorious dispensation of the Spirit, when He is working in our hearts, and in our country, and among the nations, beyond what was realized in any age, hastening the latter days'

glory, when all shall know Him and His power to save, and when Christ's kingdom shall be established in all the earth. When the Spirit descends upon the Churches, upon preachers and hearers, the Word will be proclaimed with new power; the pious will pray in the Holy Ghost; cheerful workers of the right stamp and liberal givers will abound. The rich will be very generous under His constraining power, and the poor will devise liberal things to the utmost of their means. The busy and fully employed will be ingenious, and find time and opportunity for work in Christ's service. The love of Christ will assuredly constrain them to do something. When the Spirit works freely and fully in the soul every power will be enlisted to render its quota in the blessed service of Christ. Glorious days are ahead! The Lord hasten them! 'Gold shall be brought;' not squeezed out of people, or parted with reluctantly, but voluntarily and cheerfully surrendered for Christ's sake. The heart shall be enlarged; the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God, and the forces of the Gentiles shall come to Him. The wilderness shall be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be counted for a forest. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation, and the Lord will hasten it in His time. And there shall be great voices in heaven, saying, 'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.'"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CONCLUSION.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."—MATT. xxviii. 19.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, . . . Send me."—ISA. vi. 8.

LET the closing chapter of this review of Mr. Calvert's work in Fiji, be the utterances of some of those natives who have gone to rest rejoicing in the Lord.

First we stand by the side of the dying Thakombau, a day or two before his death, and hear him say to one of his attendants, "Faith is a good thing: it is a great thing, for it is by faith we are saved. Ah! salvation is a great thing, salvation is the one thing." Towards the middle of the night preceding his decease he said, "We have not had prayers yet, have we? Well, we will have them now, and I will conduct them," and then he prayed in his usual beautifully simple style. The name of Jesus was often on his lips, and to those around him he

would say, "Be thou faithful unto death." Once he prayed, "Lord, be gracious unto me. Here I lie, in obedience to Thy will. Life and death are in Thy hands. Thou alone rulest."

Early on the morning of the day on which he died, he was heard praying, "Lord, be gracious to Thy servant. Help me this day. Give me Thy Holy Spirit, for the sake of Jesus Thy Son, my Saviour." His last audible prayer was, "Hold me, Jesus! hold me, Jesus; my faith in Thee is firm."

The Rev. F. Langham, his pastor, wrote to Mr. Calvert concerning his death as follows: "He died well. It would have rejoiced your heart to have seen the grand old warrior—for grand he certainly did look as he lay on his mat—saying he trusted in Jesus, his loving Saviour. His son Timothy and his daughter knelt with me while I prayed to the waiting Saviour to receive the departing spirit. I could hardly get words out, for we were all weeping. We were thankful that he ended his stormy life so peacefully.

"What a stir there must have been in the land of the blest when many who had heard of him now saw him, and those who had preceded him now met him in light and blessedness! You may imagine I miss the old man. He was always so regular at church, and one of the best hearers I ever knew. And how appropriately he used to pray! with what sweet simplicity! You remember what choice language he used. He had a fine command of Fijian words. It was always a treat to listen to him, whether in the prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, or the love-feast.

"It was something worth doing to win him for

Christ. Thank God for such a glorious triumph of redeeming grace! And what a multitude have been won to a profession of religion, and brought to know the Saviour, through the knowledge of his conversion and his influence and example."

And humbler Christians shall give their testimony, as they near the swellings of Jordan. Daniel Kepa said, "Every day have I an assurance of the pardon of my sins. I know that if my life were to end to-day I should enter upon life eternal in heaven. In the night my soul is full of peace, for I have found the love of God, and He helped me. Plain as noonday is it to me that my soul is saved, therefore I fear not to die; for I know that when my soul is parted from my body I shall live for ever with my God, through Jesus Christ my Lord. . . . I am ready to be gone to-day. This Sabbath shall I spend in heaven. Let your words be few. My Lord is here, and calls me away. Look! behold the Lord!"

And thus Reuben of Ono died. His closing words were, "Weep not for me: as for me, I live. The Lord and His angels are hastening to take me with Him. If you love me hold fast to the Lotu. Be earnest in religion. This very day shall I look with mine eyes upon the things which I believed, though I saw not. Now am I going to possess them all. . . . Do you not see Him? Look! the house is full of angels! My Saviour is hastening me away. Farewell! Great is my love to you."

Joele Bulu was a remarkable trophy of Divine grace. He was born at Vavau, in the Friendly Islands. On first hearing the missionary he resisted the truth, but

afterwards, when he heard the servant of God give his own experience of repentance, he said, "We are like two canoes sailing bow and bow, neither being swifter nor slower than the other." When the missionary told of his faith in Christ, Joele cried out, "My mast is broken; my sail is blown away: He is gone clear out of sight, and I am left here drifting helplessly over the waves." Shortly afterwards his eyes were opened, and he saw the way of salvation.

This man became a teacher in Fiji, and afterwards as an ordained minister he laboured faithfully and efficiently, with extraordinary success, in different parts of the islands, for nearly forty years. Our readers will gain some idea of his work from a letter written by him to the missionaries while he was in charge at Ono:—

"The work of God prospers at Ono. The people are in earnest. I also endeavour to be in earnest. I visit the towns and from house to house. I question them, instruct them, and pray with them, and we are at rest in the love of God. We have had a profitable infant-school feast. I endeavour to teach the youths the meaning of Holy Scripture. At one love-feast at Ndoi the Holy Spirit wrought mightily in our hearts, and many stated their enjoyment of the Divine favour. In one week I go to Waini, and meet classes; one week to Ndoi, and meet the classes; one week at Matokana, and one week at Ono Levu; and this I shall attend to quarterly. Please write to me, and tell me what I must do; for there is no missionary near to whom I can apply for information as to how I shall act in some cases. Remember me in your prayers, that I may have

help, and that my mind may be enlightened to know what is right for me to do in the Church at Ono."

Miss Gordon-Cumming thus speaks of this devoted native minister :—

"The first to welcome us on our landing (at Bau) was the native minister, Joeli Mbulu, a fine old Tongan chief. His features are beautiful, his colour clear olive, and he has grey hair, and a long, silky, grey beard. He is just my ideal of what Abraham must have been, and would be worth a fortune to an artist as a patriarchal study. These men (Tongans) proved invaluable helpers. Better pioneers could not have been desired. Men of strong, energetic character and determination, keenly intelligent, physically superior to the average Fijian, and therefore commanding their respect, they had always taken the lead wherever they went ; and as in their heathen days they had been foremost in reckless evil, they now threw their whole influence into the scale of good. Foremost among these was Joele Bulu, a man whose faith is an intense reality. I have rarely met any man so perfectly simple or so unmistakably in earnest. He proved himself so thoroughly worthy of confidence that in due time he was ordained a native minister, and sent to take charge of the remote cluster of isles of which Ono is the principal."

"Late as it was, on our return we went to see dear old Joele Mbulu, the noble old Tongan minister of whom I have often spoken to you. Alas ! his work is well-nigh finished. He is greatly changed this week—wasted to a shadow ; but his face is perhaps more beautiful than ever, from its sweetness

of expression, and the bright look which at times lights it up, just like some grand old apostle nearing his rest. . . . He has been a Christian teacher in Fiji from 1838, amid noise and the tumult of war, and in the thick of all the devilry of cannibalism. He has been Thakombau's special teacher, and many a difficult day he has had with him and all his handsome, strong-willed sons and daughters. They are all very much attached to him, and some of them are generally with him now, fanning or just watching beside him."

"Lady Gordon had sent a parcel of jujubes and acid drops for dear old Joele, which we took to him. His noble face lighted up as we entered, and he greeted us, as was his wont, with holy and loving words. He was perfectly calm, and the grand, steadfast mind clear as ever. But it is evident that he is nearing his rest."

"Last night there were great wailing and lamentation in Bau, for soon after midnight Joele passed away, and died nobly, as he had lived. He was quite conscious to the very last, and the expression of the grand old face was simply beautiful—so radiant, as of one without a shadow of doubt concerning the home he was so near. No man ever earned better the right to say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith,' nor ever was more truly humble. If ever the crown of righteousness is awarded by a righteous Judge to His true and faithful servants, assuredly Joele will not fail to stand in that blessed company.

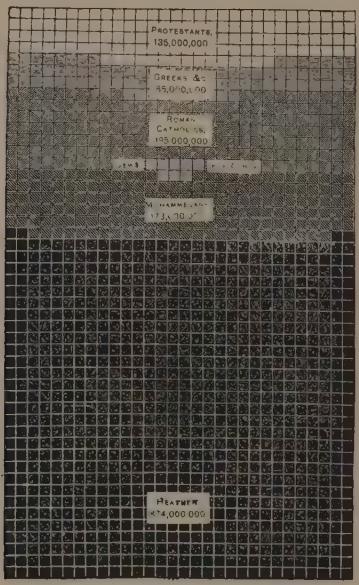
"The king and all his family mourn sorely, for Joele has ever been their true and faithful friend and minister; and many a time has he pleaded with

the old chief, in the long years ere he could be brought to abandon the vile customs of heathenism. The place of burial was a beautiful site, near an old church, on the neighbouring isle of Viwa. The funeral procession was a very touching one. One large canoe carried the dead and the chief mourners. The old king . . . and nearly all the people of Bau, and from many villages, came in canoes and boats, making a very great procession. Part of our beautiful funeral service was repeated, in the rich Fijian tongue (which to my ears always resembles the Italian); and then Joele was laid beside his old friend and teacher, the Rev. John Hunt, with whom he had shared many an anxious day, and who died here in 1848, at the early age of thirty-six."

Thus we see what great things the Lord has accomplished through His servants among the heathen; and yet how much still remains to be done! The cry continues for more workers to be sent into the vast vineyard of the world, which has yet so many dark corners unlighted by the lamp of the Gospel. The need is great thousands of Christian missionaries are absolutely wanted, both men and women; not necessarily of high culture, but of simple faith and self-denying love.

Many of our readers may have seen the Missionary Chart, reprinted on the next page, without realizing the pressing need for workers it points out. A very small piece of white is shown at the top, representing Protestants, which small portion is made up by including all sorts of nominal Christians, but below this the chart darkens until it merges into the blackness of utter heathenism.

Our Lord's last command to His disciples was, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." Miss F. R. Havergal says, "'Go' does not mean send; 'Go' does not mean pray; 'Go' means *Go*, simply and literally."




We lately heard a clergyman, who had given up a lucrative living in England for a mere subsistence in China, say, "Let us not ask ourselves whether we ought to go and preach Christ to the heathen, but rather whether we ought to stay at home. It has been said that a man's ambition is for his own advancement, while a woman's is for that of

her children. Christian mothers, can there be a greater honour for your children than that of going among the heathen as ambassadors for the King of kings?"

Our task is done, at best but in a fragmentary manner. We have tried to portray some of those features of the wonderful conquest of Fiji for Christ which have taken place within the lifetime of James Calvert. He, after seven years of loneliness, married the widow of the Rev. Andrew Kessen, LL.D., and now, in his quiet and happy home at Hastings, still labours for his beloved Fiji, supplying Scriptures and many other books, and frequently advocating the claims of Foreign Missions and of the Bible Society in various parts of England. Unlike many, he has been spared to see the fruit of his labours, and though full of years, is still found working for the mission cause he has served so nobly and so long.

We close our sketch with an extract from an article by the Rev. G. Stringer Rowe, Governor of Headingley College, printed in the *Christian* of August 3rd, 1888: "None who heard Mr. Calvert in the late Missionary Conference, as he gave his short, compressed, simple statement of the results of Christianity in Fiji, but must have been profoundly impressed thereby. . . . This vast change, which no philosophy ignoring the power of the Holy Ghost attending the preached Gospel of Christ can by any means explain, has come to pass within the lifetime, and much of it under the personal observation, of James Calvert, who is still among us, enjoying the reverent love of all who know him, rejoicing to bear daily witness that the grace of God, which, fifty-seven years ago,

wrought a new life in him among the Yorkshire Wolds, is still all-sufficient, and ascribing all power and all praise to Him who then washed him from his sins in His own blood."

"Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

"Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

'Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

"Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

'Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

"Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign."

THE END.

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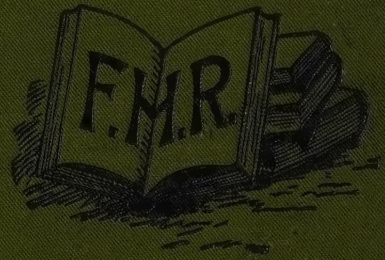
F.M.R.